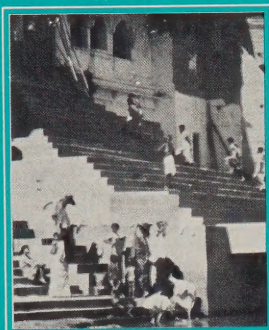
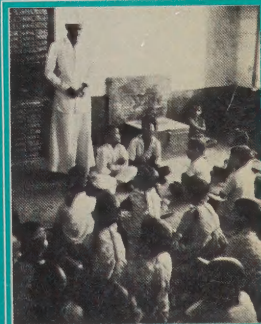
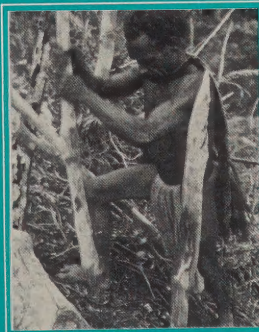
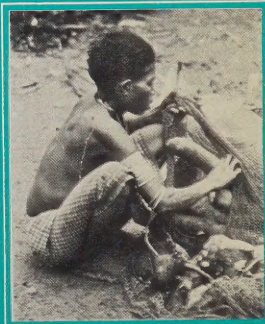




South Asia



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THE TABA PROGRAM IN SOCIAL SCIENCE

People in Change

South Asia

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The name Hilda Taba is well known to researchers and teachers in the field of social science education. Dr. Taba herself was both of those—a remarkably innovative researcher and an unusually perceptive teacher. One of the prime accomplishments of her later years was the development of an elementary social science curriculum in conjunction with the schools of Contra Costa County, California, and the staff of the Curriculum Project of San Francisco State University. Dr. Taba and some of her associates entered into an agreement with Addison-Wesley Publishing Company to develop student materials and accompanying teachers' guides, using the same techniques and methods as those employed in the Project curriculum. The Taba Program in Social Science is the result.

People in Change

South Asia

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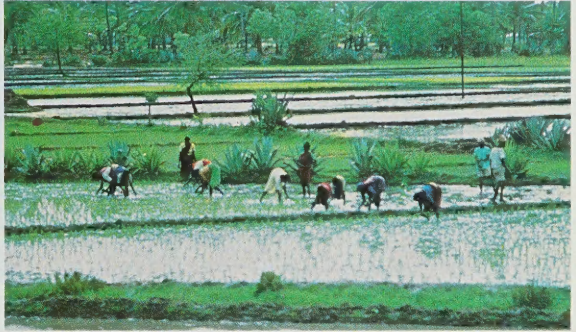


South Asia

People
in
India



A Family from Tadagam



As Sasi ran through the deserted agraharam, a strong wind blew sand into his face. The heat and wind had driven the Brahmins from their verandahs into their homes. The agraharam is the part of Tadagam where only Brahmins live. Because Sasi and his family were not Brahmins, they lived in another part of Tadagam called the cheri.

Even though the agraharam and the cheri were both part of Tadagam, they looked like two different villages. The houses of the agraharam stood in two neat rows along each side of a wide and level street. The houses of the cheri were made of dried mud with thatched roofs. They were scattered along either side of a path filled with potholes.

Each day Sasi passed through the agraharam on his way home. The primary school he attended was at the eastern end of the agraharam, but all Tadagam residents who were not Brahmins lived to the west of the agraharam. Until four years ago when the school had been built by the state government, outcastes like Sasi had not been allowed to enter the agraharam.

Sasi was alone. He had remained late at school talking about soccer with the teacher. He had lost

In the foreground people are building a sturdy brick house. In the background are houses built close together made with mud and thatching. Both kinds of housing exist in the village of Tadagam.



track of the time, and his friends from the cheri had long ago drifted home. Since he was alone, Sasi decided not to linger in the agraharam. Like every boy in the cheri, he knew it was not so long ago that an outcaste had been tied to a tree and beaten for riding a bicycle through the agraharam.

A System of Separation

All the people of Tadagam, with the exception of five Christian families, were Hindus who believed in caste. A caste is a group of families whose members can share meals and intermarry.

Once there were only four castes: the Brahmins who were the priests and scholars and who held the highest social position; the warriors whose duty it was to fight and rule; the merchants and artisans; and the peasants who tilled the soil.

Besides these four levels of society, a fifth group grew up—the outcastes. The members of this group were those who had been excluded from some other caste. They performed tasks that were considered unclean. Now the four castes and the outcastes are subdivided into many smaller castes.

Sasi and his family were outcastes. Brahmins and other castes considered outcastes unclean. They



Handling parts of animals' bodies is a task believed to be unclean in the Hindu religion. Since a Harijan is considered unclean, one of the jobs he can do is to make leather shoes. If a Harijan performs his task well, he would be considered a good Harijan. This would allow him to have a higher place in society in his next life. In the funeral procession on the right, male family members and friends accompany the body to the cremation grounds. Hindus believe that the soul of the deceased person will go to heaven or hell for a period of time until it is reborn.

tried to avoid all contact with them. No Brahmin ever entered the cheri in Tadagam.

When Sasi was younger, he had wondered why he could not play with the children of the Brahmins. He went to his grandfather to find out why. His grandfather told him, "God has put us here in the cheri because of the evil we have done in our past lives. Be a good boy, and in your next life you might be born to live in the agrapharam."

Sasi's grandfather, like all Hindus, believed that every person lived many lives and that a person's behavior in one life determined his place in the next life. Thus, a good outcaste who accepted his fate and followed the customs of his group might be reborn as a Brahmin. And an evil Brahmin might be reborn as an outcaste.

It was still difficult for Sasi to think of himself as "unclean." He learned in school that the leader of India's independence, Mahatma Gandhi, called outcastes Harijans which means "children of God." Sasi preferred to think of himself as a child of God. So in India today outcastes are often called Harijans.

Sasi neared the end of the agrapharam and entered the cheri. When he reached his hut, Sasi stuck his head in the doorway. Only Nagu, his older sister,

was inside. Sasi and Nagu were the family's only children. There had been two other sisters, but both had died of childhood diseases. This did not happen as often now that the state government of Tamil Nadu had built a health center nearby on the main highway.

Nagu spent much of her time inside the family hut these days. She was 13 and approaching the age of marriage. In Tadagam it was considered shameful for women of marriageable age to go about freely. Villagers would proudly tell visitors, "Tadagam is a very religious and upright village. All our girls are married by the age of 16."

"Nagu sister," asked Sasi, "where are Father and Mother?"

"Oh, Sasi, where have you been!" replied his sister. "Mr. Naicker, the landlord's agent, came today. Something has happened. Father is at the panchayat hall talking with the other men of the cheri. Mother has gone to Uncle Mookan's wife."

The smallest governmental organization in India is the village council or panchayat. Panchayat means an assembly of five, but the number varies in different villages. In many villages council members are elected, but in other villages a man can become a council member if the people have respect for him. The panchayat makes decisions about crops and settles arguments among villagers.



A panchayat is the government council of a village. The men of the council often make decisions about crops and settle arguments among the villagers. Tadagam has a panchayat hall in the agra-haram. For the most part, the Harijans are excluded from the panchayat hall in the agra-haram and have little voice in the government of the village. So they have their own caste panchayat and panchayat hall in the cheri.

While Sasi was listening to his sister, his mother entered the small hut.

"Sasi!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been all this time! You deserve a good scolding, but it's late, and I must prepare your father's meal."

Sasi could see that his mother had been crying. He watched her take her pots, rice, and spices outside to the small covered area behind their hut. Then she took several dried cow dung patties from a pile and began to start a fire in the stone fireplace. Sasi squatted beside her to watch.

Loss of the Land

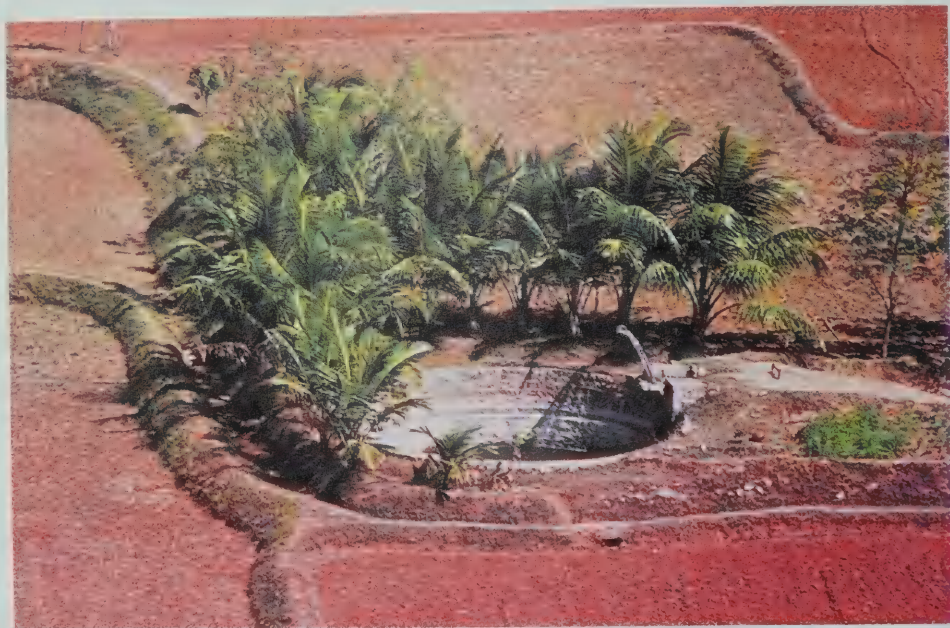
After a while Sasi asked, "Mother, what has happened?"

"Well, I suppose you'll hear soon enough. Mr. Naicker, the landlord's agent, came today. The landlord who owns the land your father farms with three others no longer wants to grow rice on his land. He wants to grow fruits and vegetables. Fruits and vegetables need less care than rice. Once these crops are established, they can be harvested quickly and sold in the city markets for cash."

"What does this mean for father?" asked Sasi, still puzzled.

His mother replied sharply, "It means the owner no longer wants your father and the others as tenants on his land. Your father has been renting the land from this landlord and paying him with one-half of the rice crop he harvests.

"The landlord intends to leave his agent, Mr. Naicker, in charge of all of his lands and intends simply to hire workers when he needs them on a



In its effort to increase the productivity of the land, India has built a system of irrigation larger than any other country. But water resources still irrigate less than two-thirds of the land. Many villages depend solely on the monsoon to bring them water. In the picture above, fields in Tamil Nadu are irrigated from the water channeled from a well.

day-to-day basis. Because he will no longer have to split the crop with his tenants, he hopes to make more money. We will no longer have our own plot of land to farm."

"But who is this landlord who does this to us?" asked Sasi.

"It is Mr. Vadama's son-in-law," she replied. "Mr. Vadama was the owner of the land. He died, and his son-in-law inherited the land. The new landlord has not been to Tadagam since his wedding to Mr. Vadama's daughter. He lives in the city in a large house and has Mr. Naicker take care of his affairs here.

"Mr. Vadama would never have done this, Sasi. But what does this son-in-law care about our village? He never comes here and does not know us. He is interested only in money and new ways of making profit," Sasi's mother added angrily.

Over his mother's shoulder Sasi could see the men coming from the cheri panchayat hall. "Here come Father and Uncle Mookan," Sasi told his

mother. Sasi ran to meet his father, but his father hardly noticed him.

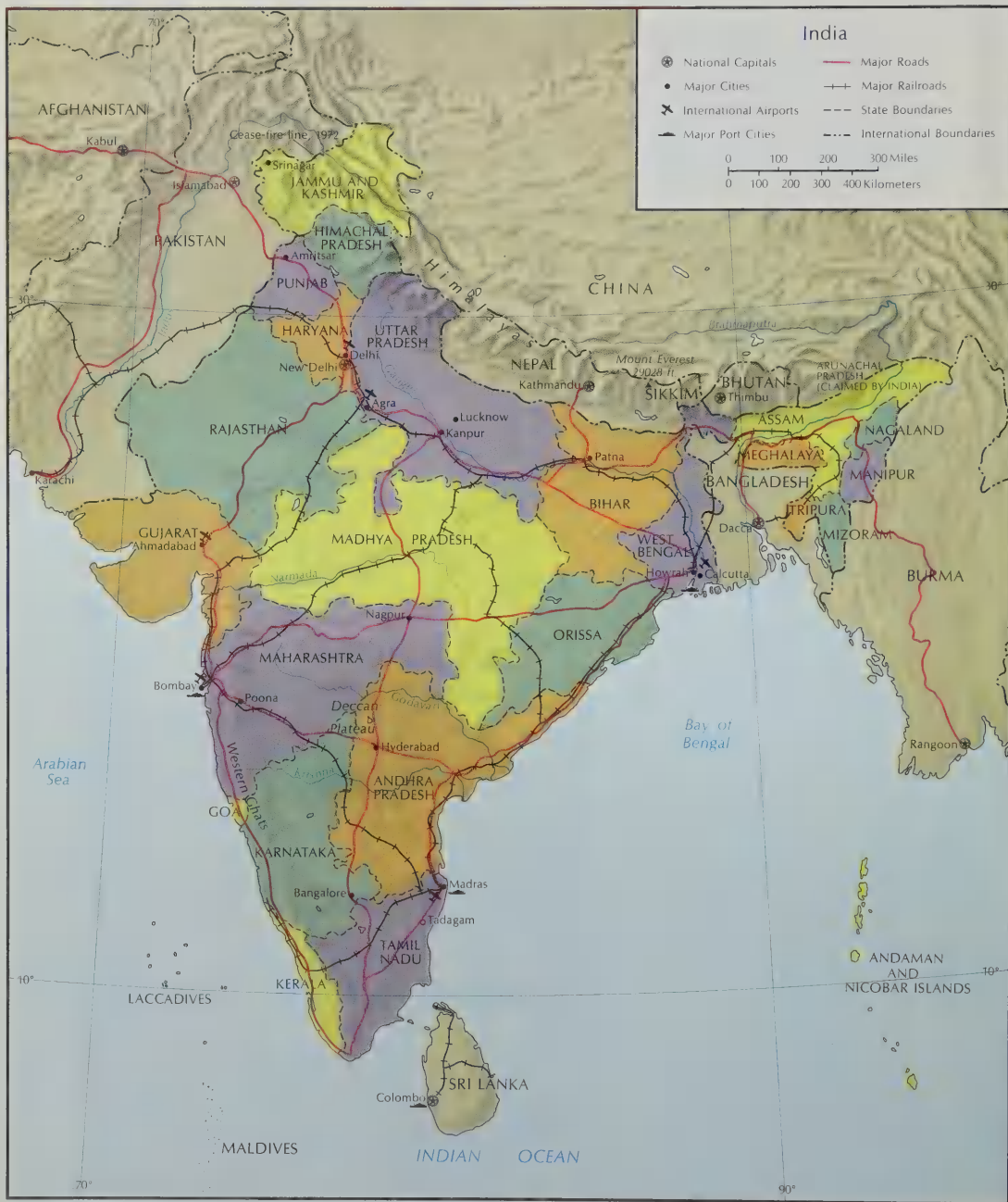
Sasi pulled at his father's clothing. "What happened?"

Finally, Sasi's father looked at him with great seriousness, but he did not answer his question. "My son," he said, "I hope you take advantage of the education you are getting. It is because I cannot read or write that I have lost our land. I knew nothing about leases. I have failed, but you need not fail."

"Nonsense, Velan! Nonsense!" interrupted Uncle Mookan. "You have failed at nothing. It is just the will of the gods that this should happen. It is our fate as Harijans."



The Constitution of India provides free education for all its people up to the age of 14. The government is building new schools, but there are still many villages throughout India that do not have schools. Village teachers often hold class in the shade of a tree or on a verandah.



"It may be your fate and my fate, but it will not be Sasi's. We will leave Tadagam. We will go to Madras. We will start a new life there."

Uncle Mookan erupted, "Who put such ideas into your head? Remember, it takes rupees to feed and clothe your family. And you can still earn money here in Tadagam."

Sasi's father shook his head slowly. "I will not go back to being a day farm laborer as I was before Sasi was born, depending on others for the rice that fills our banana leaves," he said. "But enough for now, Brother. I will eat something. Come to the hut later, after the children are asleep, and we will talk more about this."

Sasi slept very little that night. He and Nagu tried to overhear the adults' conversation.

The men had gone to the panchayat hall in the hopes of finding some way of stopping the landlord from removing them from his land. But Mr. Naicker explained to them that they had no legal right to stay on the land because they held no leases on it. No Harijan had ever had a lease with Mr. Vadama. But now Mr. Vadama's son-in-law owned the land, and he was not from Tadagam. He felt no concern for the people there.

"He cares only about making money," Velan had said at the meeting.

That night Velan spoke again of his plan to move to the city. Sasi's mother argued that they should not move before Nagu's marriage. "We don't know how life will be in the city. At least here in Tadagam, you are assured of earning some wages which can go toward the dowry. How can we arrange a decent marriage for Nagu without a suitable gift for the groom and his family?"

Velan quietly responded that the cost of a wedding for Nagu would put them into debt and postpone their leaving the village for years. Velan said that the family would wait only until Sasi took his primary school graduation exams. Then Velan would sell their hut for some cash to make the move to Madras. A cousin, Muttu, who had lived in Madras for some years would help the family get settled.

Uncle Mookan argued against going to the city. Velan replied, "Things could not be any worse in Madras than in Tadagam. I have worked my whole life and do not even own a small piece of land." For this Mookan had no reply.

"It is decided then," said Velan. "We will go."

As Sasi dropped off to sleep, he heard Nagu quietly sobbing on her cot.

A New Home

It was still dark when Sasi and his family rose on the day they were to move to Madras. They washed and ate some leftover rice from the evening meal. At 6 A.M. Mookan brought Velan a large wooden cart pulled by two bullocks which he had rented. The family would ride with their possessions to the bus stop which was on the main highway several miles away.

By 8 A.M. they were at the highway bus stop. Soon a long bus pulled up. They said good-bye to Uncle Mookan. Velan bought their tickets, and they all boarded the bus.

People crowd a bus stop in Madras—one of the most populated cities in the southern part of India. Why do you think people are moving to the cities? What do you think might happen to the people who move to the cities?



The bus made many stops on the 80-mile trip to Madras, and it took nearly four hours to get there. But the time flew for Sasi. He saw villages he had never seen before.

Finally they approached the bus terminal in front of a Madras railway station. Velan went to find cycle rickshaw drivers who could take them to where his cousin Muttu lived.

When Velan returned, he explained that he had found a cycle rickshaw driver who knew the way to his cousin's home. "I have hired two rickshaws—one for the trunks and one for us," he said.

After some time, the rickshaws halted at the intersection of two wide roads. "This is the place that you asked for," the first driver told Velan.

Sasi bolted from the rickshaw, anxious to get a better look. In many ways the settlement they had reached was a city by itself. It had food shops, coffee shops, potters, barbers, rickshaw drivers, fortune tellers—even thieves.

Velan interrupted Sasi's survey of the area. "Sasi, come help with the trunks," he told his son. Soon the trunks were on the ground, and the rickshaws disappeared around the corner. Velan left the others and wandered down into the squatters' settlement to look for his cousin Muttu's place.

In front of these modern government buildings are the huts of a squatters' settlement. Sometimes such settlements are so crowded that people take turns sleeping because there is not enough room in a house for all to sleep at the same time. In many there may be just a few water taps and no facilities for bathing or sewage.



The government owned the land where Velan's cousin lived. The settlement was one-half mile square, and it housed over 500 families. It was not easy for Velan to find his cousin Muttu's place. However, people from the same caste tended to live together in the squatters' settlement, and Velan soon located a section where Harijans lived. He was then directed to Muttu's hut. Muttu was sitting in front of his hut on a cot.

"Cousin Velan!" Muttu exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Has some misfortune occurred?"

"I have come with my family to live in the city," Velan replied.

"Well, Cousin, you and I were small children together in Tadagam, and I'm really pleased to see you. But it's foolish of you to come to Madras with your family like this. It's better in the countryside. Haven't you heard the saying, 'To Madras you may go, but you're bound to lose even your bedroll'?"

Sasi's father was greatly surprised at what his cousin said. He told Muttu the story of what had happened to him in Tadagam.

When he finished telling the story, Muttu shook his head slowly and said, "But, Cousin, you always had work in the village. Here everybody is looking for jobs. Many people come from villages every day to live in the city. A man is lucky if he can work one day in three. Even then, all he gets is two or three rupees a day.

"And here you have to buy everything with money. In Tadagam you were able to get some of the things you needed by trading something you owned. Look at this poor hut I live in. I have to pay 10 rupees a month to rent it, and I pay in advance, too. If I didn't pay up, the hut owner wouldn't let me stay a day longer. I would be thrown out. I want to get decent government housing, but I have to wait for years even though I am a government employee."

Muttu had a job as a fourth-class government employee. He swept government offices and delivered messages. It was considered a good job in the squatters' settlement because it gave Muttu



Since Harijans have no caste, they do the jobs that caste members will not do. Street sweeping is one of those jobs. India's Constitution outlaws discrimination on the basis of caste or lack of caste but does not outlaw the system itself. Why do you think the caste system is not outlawed?

job security and, some day at least, government housing. Many such jobs are reserved for Harijans because the government feels that they do not have the advantages and opportunities that other groups in India have.

Muttu sighed. "I should not upset you right after you have come to Madras. We'll find a way to help you somehow. Let us get your family settled."

Soon Velan found that Muttu had not exaggerated the difficulty of finding work. Because he could not read and write, he could not qualify for many jobs. Even though the government had reserved certain jobs such as street cleaning for Harijans, there were many who wanted them. And it took years to get one.

Life in Madras

Velan and his family lived crowded together in Muttu's small hut with Muttu and his wife and their

three small children. Against their parents' better judgment, Sasi and Nagu combed the streets looking for cow dung dropped by passing animals. Cow dung was the basic cooking fuel even in Madras, but it was more difficult to come by in the city—unless you had money to pay for it.

Sasi's mother insisted that at least Nagu who, after all, was of marriageable age not wander freely about the streets. So it became Nagu's task to get the water from one of the five water taps that served the thousands of people in the squatters' settlement. Since these few water taps served so many people, there were often long waits for water. Another job Nagu had was to take care of Muttu's younger children.

Because they had little money left, Velan took a job loading and unloading sacks of rice for a rupee a day. The work was hard for so little pay, and only a strong man like Velan could have done it. But this job was available only when the rice company needed extra laborers. Finally, through the efforts of Muttu and a friend in the squatters' settlement, Velan got a job as a chair caner.

Caning chairs is the process of threading the seats and backs of wooden-framed chairs with a thin white material called cane. The work takes much care, and a good chair caner can finish only two chairs in one day. The pay was two rupees per chair. At first, Sasi's father could not even finish one chair in a day—though he worked 12 to 14 hours. Finally, he was able to finish a chair in a day and earned two rupees.

Now that the family had a regular income, they moved into a hut of their own. They bought it from a man who was returning to his village. It was about half the size of their hut in Tadagam.

The Social Worker

One day a tall fair-skinned woman in a pink sari approached the hut. Sasi and his mother were sitting outside in front of it. The woman spoke first to Sasi's mother, but his mother could not understand

the woman's speech and turned away shyly. Although she spoke the same Tamil tongue, her dialect was different from the one spoken in Tadagam.

The woman turned to Sasi. "I'm the social worker. Are you new here?" Her speech was difficult for Sasi to understand as well; but he had spent more time away from home than his mother, so the woman's speech was not so strange to him.

"Yes, we have been here less than three months," Sasi answered respectfully.

"Where is your father?" the woman asked.

"At the chair place. He will return within an hour," Sasi said.

"Oh, I will return then. Please tell him the social worker would like to speak to him. Thank you," she said and strolled off to another hut.

Sasi had no idea what a social worker was, but he thought she was probably an important person. She was dressed in a fine sari, and Sasi thought she was probably a Brahmin as well. But he wondered why a Brahmin would come to his home?

In a small school in a village near Delhi, people receive free medical care provided by the government. This has created better health for many people in India. However, since many Hindus believe that a person will get better if God wants him to, they do not seek this medical help.



The population of India is about 600 million. For many years the government has tried to persuade married couples to limit the number of children they have. Part of the campaign for birth control is the poster at the right. The translation is, "When you have two, that will do." Government efforts have not been completely successful. Hindus view children as gifts from the gods. When a Hindu person dies, he relies upon the children he leaves behind to pray for him so that his soul will be reborn.



When Velan came home, Sasi told him about the visitor they had had. Velan felt that this visit was not a good sign. He had had little contact with the government and was suspicious of government workers. The only ones he had dealt with were tax collectors. But he dare not risk offending an important person, though the fact that she was a young woman bothered him. In Tadagam women would not have such an important position.

The social worker returned, this time holding a clipboard with papers on it. She introduced herself to Sasi's father. "I am Miss Iyer, a social worker from the community center. I don't believe you have visited us at the center." She spoke slowly so that Velan could understand her.

Then she explained that she was there to help Sasi's family in whatever way she could, and to tell them about the community center. Velan said nothing.

The social worker began to ask questions about the family, jotting down certain things on her clipboard. At first Velan was slow to answer, but Muttu

arrived and explained that it was this woman's job to see that the family got what it deserved from the government. She was not there to take anything away. Velan relaxed a bit.

After the woman found out the family's background, she asked about school for the children. Velan replied that he would send Sasi to middle school if he could, but it would be difficult for him to pay the school fees. His income barely provided the family with food, clothing, and shelter. The social worker explained that because the family were Harijans, she might be able to arrange a scholarship for Sasi, especially if he had done well on his primary school exams. He had to pass these to enter middle school.

Then the woman asked about education for Nagu. Velan replied, "What is the use of it? Women do not need to go to school. It is best that they stay home and learn their wifely duties."

The social worker responded that women had as much right to an education as men. When she saw that this only made Velan angry, she stopped and said, "As you wish. It is your family."

This woman's boldness had shocked Velan, for never had a woman spoken to him in this fashion.

She began to speak again. She explained that the community center provided a number of activities for the residents of the squatters' settlement. Tamil films were sometimes shown in the evenings, both for entertainment and educational purposes. Lectures were given to instruct people about how their government works and about what services are available to them. The topics of some other lectures were cleanliness, nutrition, and health. There were also classes. For example, Velan's wife could attend sewing classes at the center where four sewing machines were provided.

On hearing this Velan angrily thought, "This woman is telling me how to run my household." He rose. "I have no more time for this idle chatter," he said and dismissed the woman.

The social worker rose, smiled, and thanked them. Patting Sasi on the head, she turned and left.

For several days Velan was angry that a woman should interfere in their lives. But he became less angry when he found that the social worker had arranged for Sasi to get a place in middle school without the normal fees.

School in Madras

Sasi was surprised at how different school in the city was from school in Tadagam. In his village the whole primary school had just one teacher. But in the middle school in Madras, he had a different teacher for each subject. In addition to history, mathematics, and science, Sasi had to study three languages. Tamil was Sasi's native language, and the language of the state of Tamil Nadu. English was needed for higher education and good jobs in India. This is because Great Britain had governed India before it became independent in 1947. Hindi is the national language of India, though few people

There are more schools in the cities of India than in the villages. However, many city children in India cannot take advantage of the education available in the urban areas. Many must go to work before finishing school to help support their families.



in Tamil Nadu speak it. Like most people of Tamil Nadu, Velan was angry that Sasi had to study Hindi. He and many others felt that Tamil was their language, and the northerners had no right to force them to learn Hindi.

It took a long time for Sasi to get used to the way people in Madras spoke Tamil. The other students seemed to have an easier time than he did with their schoolwork. In order to keep up with them, Sasi knew he would have to spend long hours of study outside of school. But he could not really study after dark because his family had only one small kerosene lamp. There was only one electric light in all of the squatters' settlement, and it was near the community center. Sasi often intended to get up at dawn and read; but more often than not, he would turn over and go back to sleep. Or instead of studying after school, he would play soccer.

School in Madras was different in other ways. Sasi found himself playing with boys of many different backgrounds, including Brahmins. It seemed to Sasi that people did not take your background as seriously in Madras as they did in Tadagam. True, he did not go into Brahmins' houses, nor did he share food with them. But he felt comfortable going into any part of the settlement or the city, and he went into any of the coffee shops or sweet shops if he wished.

To Build a Factory

Sasi and his family gradually settled into life in the city. They got used to the noise of the streets, the fumes from the cars and trucks, and the smell of open sewage in the settlement.

However, there was still the problem of Nagu's marriage. Her mother rarely lost a chance to mention this to her husband. Finally, Velan promised that as soon as he could find a regular salaried job as a sweeper or factory worker, he would borrow the money for Nagu's marriage. This pleased everyone. And Velan began to spend much of his spare time seeking out contacts for jobs.

Among all people in India, families arrange the marriages of young people. Different castes have different rites for marriage. But common to all Hindus is the ceremony held before a fire. The families of the bride and groom vow their love to each other, for in the Hindu ceremony the families are as much united as the couple. The young couple also promises everlasting love for each other. How do you think a Hindu marriage is different from a western marriage?



At this time, a rumor went around that the city government intended to destroy the squatters' settlement. One day a government official came to the open area by the community center to speak to the heads of the households. He came in the evening when most of the men would be home.

The official stood under the electric light to address the crowd. He announced that the people in the squatters' settlement had been selected for relocation under the city government's new development plan. There was a rumble from the crowd.

He went on to say that the government planned to build a factory on the land. This factory would provide many new jobs and help develop India. The government had made arrangements to relo-

cate all the residents to a new community nine miles from the settlement. There, in return for their old houses, they would be provided with building materials and space to build free. Moreover, each lot would rent for only five rupees a month. The city would provide streets with electric lights and many water taps.

As the crowd began to murmur loudly, the official thanked them and walked to his car and drove off. An assistant remained at the settlement to answer questions. By now the crowd was in an uproar. "What about our jobs?" some demanded. "We won't leave our homes!" others shouted. The assistant asked for the cooperation of the people. He said it was being done for the good of India.



Thousands of people in India who have no homes live and sleep in the streets, begging scraps of food in order to exist. In this picture at Kanchipuram religious pilgrims add to the number of outdoor dwellers in India. They travel from temple to temple and live beside them.

After some time, the assistant left, too. The settlement residents had been given six months, either to relocate to the new land the government was offering or to find homes elsewhere.

Velan knew he could not afford a round trip of 18 miles daily to get back and forth from his job. The bus fare alone would take most of his earnings. Yet he had no money to move to another squatters' settlement in Madras. If he rented a new place, he would not have the money for Nagu's marriage. Perhaps his wife and Mookan had been right. Maybe it had been a mistake to come to the city.

But Velan comforted himself by thinking that Sasi had many opportunities in Madras that he did not have in Tadagam. But still he wondered if he should return to Tadagam. Reaching no decision, Velan crawled onto his cot to sleep. He still had to work the next morning, or there would be no food for his family.

In the Hindu religion the cow stands for life. It is not a god which the Hindus worship, but it is a very special symbol of the Hindu reverence for life. They do not kill their cows for food. What would have to change for Hindus to use the meat from cows as part of their diet?



A Family in Madras



Though it was not even midmorning, the hot, muggy air hit Krishna with a rush that nearly took his breath away. Stepping from the air-conditioned jet was like stepping into a steam bath. Krishna had forgotten what the humidity was like during the Madras monsoon season.

Krishna was returning to Madras after spending six years in the United States where he had studied engineering. It had been a family decision that Krishna pursue these studies, and he had willingly done it. It was assumed that he would return to take his rightful place in the family household and business after his studies, but Krishna was no longer sure that this was what he wanted.

"Six years is a long time," Krishna thought to himself. During that period, he had managed to come home only once. That was two years ago. It was not a fond memory. There had been a family crisis, and he had been the cause.

At that time, Krishna's oldest brother Ramu had approached him. "Krishna, it is time you married," he said. "Grandfather would like to have the marriage take place before you return to the United States." Most of the important decisions

in Krishna's family were made by his grandfather.

In India nearly all marriages are arranged by the family. Even before his return to Madras, Krishna's grandfather had begun to seek possible marriage partners for him. Girl after girl was suggested. Meetings were arranged, but Krishna simply refused to consider marriage. He told Ramu, "I refuse to let the family interfere in my choice of a wife. And I do not want to marry at this time." Because of this, Krishna had a bitter fight with his grandfather. He left for the United States again to continue his education. Now Krishna was returning to Madras for the first time since the argument.

Sunderam Starts the Joint Family

Krishna had been born into what is known as a joint family. It is a family of two or more generations. Usually they all live in the same house and share all income, property, and cooking facilities. In a joint family all important decisions are discussed by all the members of the family. But the oldest member of the family has the final say. In Krishna's family it was his grandfather Sunderam.

A joint family can include three or four generations. Can you pick out the head of this joint family? Why do you think he might be the head?



Nearly 50 years ago, Sunderam had moved to Madras to go into the banking business. His father had been a Brahmin landowner in a village near Madras, and he could afford to give his son a good education.

Sunderam had been very successful in Madras and had expanded into many kinds of businesses—including an engineering firm, an automobile sales and service company, and a chemical factory. These businesses were worth millions of rupees now. All of Sunderam's sons and all of his grandsons who had finished their educations were employed in various branches of the family businesses. All the males of the family were educated with this in mind.

As Sunderam's wealth and family grew, he moved to a large house in a well-to-do section of Madras. He insisted that his four sons and their families live in this house as well. The house included four separate areas for the families of each of his four sons. It also had two large living rooms, one for men and one for women; two large sleeping rooms, one for male children and one for female children; one large kitchen; and a room where the whole family could worship.

Shortly after the family was settled in the house, Sunderam called his sons together for a meeting in the men's living room. He spoke softly but with authority to his sons. He began, "As you know, our family is now large and wealthy. But this means nothing if the family is not one. It is written in one of the holy books:

He who keeps his wealth for himself, without allowing his relatives and others to share it, will be punished. He who is strong to work and does not support his family, the Brahmins, and the unfortunate, is dead though he be alive.

"In order that no member of our family suffer such a fate, I am going to lay down certain rules which I intend to have obeyed for the remainder of my lifetime.

"First, all property will be owned by the family; no family member will have his own separate property. Second, no member will have his own bank account, and all financial dealings will be known to everyone. Third, shares in the family businesses will be held by the children of all male family members, and they will be expected to work in the family businesses. Finally, each of your wives will receive a monthly allowance for the expenses of her own household and for entertainment and travel."

There were other things that Sunderam insisted on. Because he was proud of being a Brahmin, he insisted that all religious customs appropriate to their caste be observed. The children were properly instructed in these customs. They memorized the scriptures, and the male children participated in the sacred thread ceremony. Further, no meat or liquor was served in the house, and smoking was forbidden. Today, the family still operated under such rules, and no one dared to challenge them.

A young boy is being initiated into his caste in the sacred thread ceremony. Three threads of nine strands each are hung on his right shoulder and under his left arm, marking him as a full member of his caste. During the ceremony the person officiating whispers part of a sacred scripture into the ear of the boy. After the ceremony the boy is expected to fulfill the duties particular to his caste. Today in India usually only Brahmin boys are initiated in this manner.



Two years later Krishna's father died. His mother was left with four children—Krishna, two other sons, and one daughter. They lived with his grandparents, his three uncles and aunts, and his mother.

This was the home Krishna was expected to return to. But after six years of being away, he was no longer sure that he was suited to live under the rules of the family. For some time he had run his own life, and he thought that it would be hard to take orders from the older members of the family. He wanted to choose his own career and his own wife. This was not acceptable to his grandfather's way of life.

Krishna was met by his family and driven home. The reunion party was not attended by his grandfather who chose that particular time to visit the local temple which the family supported.

A Talk with Ramu

The next afternoon Krishna had a talk with his brother Ramu. In order to avoid the many ears of the household, they arranged to have late afternoon coffee in a small air-conditioned restaurant that was frequented by the more well-to-do Madras residents.

Since Ramu was more than 10 years older than Krishna, Krishna respected him in much the same way he would have respected his father. Gradually, Krishna got around to the subject that was on his mind.

"Ramu," he asked, "did you ever think of leaving the family to live or work separately?"

Ramu peered over his coffee cup and replied, "No, Krishna, I can't say that I ever seriously considered it. After father died, I sometimes imagined what it might be like to have full responsibility for the family. It made me shiver in my shoes. I was glad to share the decisions with Grandfather and our uncles. I don't think I could have managed on my own."

Then Krishna poured out his own feelings. He told Ramu that while he loved the family, he felt

At one time in India, higher education was available only for the upper classes. Today people from all classes attend India's colleges and universities. These university students of Bombay make up part of the growing numbers of Indians taking advantage of the increasing numbers of professional, technical, and arts and sciences colleges in India.



that he wanted to pursue his own life, his own career, his own marriage—without direction from the family, and especially not from Grandfather. He finished and waited for Ramu's reply.

"I've had a feeling this was coming," Ramu said. "I knew when you refused to get married two years ago. And I must say to you honestly that I think you are foolish. How many men wouldn't trade places with you for the opportunities you have in this family? Perhaps it was a mistake to send you to the United States. You have been free to follow your own fancies too long. You have changed.

"Also, I must warn you," Ramu continued. "It will be difficult to pursue a career here outside the family business. Madras has changed in your absence. Now non-Brahmins control nearly everything. Brahmins have difficulty finding good jobs in either government or business. The old days of Brahmin domination are gone forever. There is a

saying among non-Brahmins, 'If you stumble across a cobra and a Brahmin both, shoot the Brahmin first; he is more poisonous.' That is how they see us now. Look up some of your old friends if you don't believe me.

"Listen to me. Do not make up your mind immediately. Look around at how things are. At least wait until after Dassera to make any decision. Then, if you still feel the same way, I will approach Grandfather on your behalf."

Krishna readily agreed to his brother's advice. He would put off his decision for the time being.

A Religious Festival

It was nearly two weeks until the Dassera, a 10-day religious festival. It is a time when people worship at home and in temples, making offerings to Sarasvati, goddess of learning; to Lakshmi, goddess of wealth; and to Kali, goddess of general well-being.



This shrine in Madras is an example of the roadside religious shrines seen throughout India. People sometimes leave food as offerings at these shrines.

On the tenth day factories and offices in Madras are usually closed while the employees clean their machines and tools. In the evening they invite a Hindu priest to lead them in worship services.

It was a very busy time for Krishna's family. On the proper day, they were visited by the pujari, the Hindu priest, from the temple his family attended. After the proper ceremonies were performed, the priest went to the men's living room. Krishna was present.

Today the men's conversation with the pujari centered on the problem of being a Brahmin and still being active in the business world.

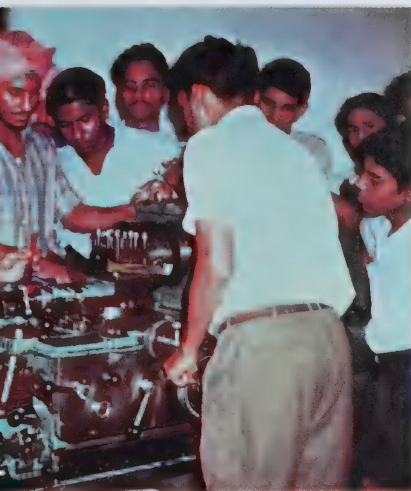
"Most revered holiness," asked one of Krishna's uncles, "how can I call myself a good Brahmin when, because of business, I go to places where I sometimes eat meat, smoke, or drink? Sometimes I even eat with Harijans."

The priest replied, "It is most unfortunate that you, sir, do such things. However, it is important to remember that you come from good Brahmin parents. As there is no question to your ancestry, you cannot be other than a good Brahmin. Besides, there is no smoking, drinking, or eating meat within this household, and all ceremonies are properly observed. There is no more worthy Brahmin household in Madras." This speech of the priest seemed to satisfy the family members, and the evening concluded pleasantly.

The Decision

When Dassera was over, Krishna made his decision. "I will ask for my share of the family business in money," he thought. "I will attempt to make a career here in Madras. If this is not possible, I will return to the United States." He told Ramu his decision. Ramu agreed to present the decision to Sunderam.

A few days later, Krishna was called to appear at a family council. When Krishna appeared at the meeting, his three uncles and his grandfather were waiting for him.



For the past 25 years the government has tried to build up India as an industrial nation, and there are now thousands of factories throughout India. India produces many different things—radios, watches, tools, tires, drugs. The products are marketed in Africa and Asia and Europe. At this automobile factory in Calcutta, students are being trained as skilled mechanics.

It was only Sunderam who spoke. "Young man, no doubt you think I am a relic of the distant past, that we are of different generations, and that I cannot possibly understand you. But perhaps I understand you better than anyone else in this room, even better than your fine brother Ramu. You see, it was a half century ago that my father sent me from our village to Madras for a college education. And a few years later, as bold and arrogant as you are today, I refused to return to the village to manage the family's land. Instead, I stayed in Madras and built our family business. This created a wound in the family that did not heal for many years, and I may pay in another life for what I did to my father in this one.

"It has been my desire to save you from such a fate, but I now realize, thanks to Ramu, that you will not be happy in this household.

"We have a great deal of confidence in your abilities. For some time now, we have talked of establishing a branch of our engineering business in Bombay. We would like to make you head of this branch. You would be free to develop it in your own way with our backing. We have consulted an astrologer about this, and the signs are most favorable for such a move.

"However," he continued, "there is one condition to this proposal. It is that you agree to marry a person who is acceptable to the family, and that this marriage take place before you leave for Bombay."

"But . . ." interrupted Krishna.

"I did not ask you to discuss the matter, young man!" said his grandfather sharply. "If you wish, you may have your share of the family business in cash instead. But then this will no longer be your family, and you will not be welcome here. It is your decision. Until such time as you give us your decision, no discussion is necessary.

"This is all I have to say. We ask that you leave now, as we have other family matters to discuss."

As Krishna turned and walked slowly from the room, he knew only that he had another big decision to make.

People
in
RuMuda



The Fishing Village



Dawn was streaking the March sky as the village fishing boats returned home. Middlemen rushed down to the water to be close to the boats when they came in. As the motorboats drifted to the shore, crewmen lifted the outboard motors from the water. Then they jumped from the boats to help haul them onto the sandy beach.

Mat was 13 and was going out on his father's boat every day now since he had finished primary school. His father Pa' Isahak thought this was where Mat should be. And Mat had always known that when he finished school, he would take his place on his father's boat.

Pa' Isahak's boat sat low in the water. This told the middlemen that he had made a good catch. They crowded around his boat, eager to buy. If they could get the fish for a good price, they were likely to make a good profit when they resold them.

A heavy catch had not always attracted middlemen. Mat remembered that when he was younger, the middlemen took the fish away in large baskets attached to bicycles. But now since some middlemen rode motor scooters and others had small trucks, they could carry larger loads.

After inspecting the fish, each middleman called out a bid. Mat stood to one side, watching and listening. His father who was the owner of the boat called out a counter bid. This went on until the difference between the buyer's and seller's bids grew smaller. Finally, the middleman offering the highest price got the catch. The money was paid to Pa' Isahak.

Each morning when the boats came in, this bidding took place. At the end of the week, the money was divided. The largest shares went to the boat owner, the net owners, and the juruselam—the skilled diver who listened underwater to detect the presence of fish. The rest of the profits were divided among a crew of usually 13 men.

Down the beach Mat saw a man using a round throw net to catch small fish. And in the shallow water offshore, men were catching anchovies.

As he turned his attention back to the crowd nearby, Mat saw his grandfather walking toward him. He was peering at the pink sky with approval. "It seems the rains are over for the year," he said. "This is the first good catch you have brought in for a long time. The fishing will be good now for the rest of the season."

Mat smiled at his grandfather. "Did you have many good fishing seasons when you were young?" he asked.

"We did, and then we all had enough dried fish to eat throughout the winter. But when the fishing season was poor, some of us were hungry for many months."

"Then things were as they are now," Mat concluded. "We have good years and bad years."

"But some things were different." His grandfather nodded toward the motorboat. "We depended on our sails to take us to the fishing grounds. When there was no wind, we rowed. It was hard work. But I liked the old koleks we took out to sea. And they did not make noise."

When Pa' Isahak had talked of buying a motorboat, his father had disapproved. The sailboats had served them for years and could continue to do so,



In the top picture middlemen crowd around a boat to make bids for the catch. Sometimes women in the village will make a bid if their supply of dried fish has run out. In the middle picture the men in the water are catching anchovies. While one man stays in the boat, the other members of the crew leap into the water and line up on each side of the net. When the net is full, the men pull it to shore. In the bottom picture is an old kolek still in use in RuMuda. The sails have been taken home by the crew. In the foreground are chips of wood set aside to be used to preserve fishing nets. The chips are placed in an oil drum and boiled. The water is poured off into a dugout canoe. Then the nets are placed into the water until they are coated with the solution that helps protect them from the salty ocean water.

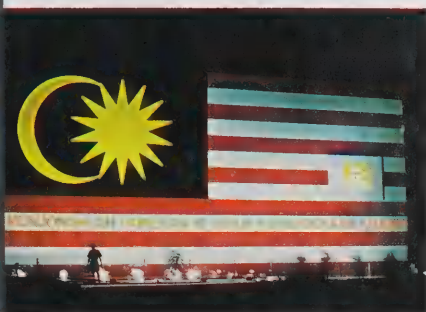
he felt. But Pa' Isahak knew the advantages of the motorboat and made the decision to change.

Mat's grandfather thought of the kolek he had fished from for so many years. Before each new moon, his crew rubbed it with lime juice and sprinkled it with rice powder. Then they decorated it with ribbons and paper flowers. This was done to please the spirits. Besides honoring the spirits in this way, the fishermen also honored Allah: they painted on the prow a verse from the Koran, the holy book of the Muslims. Most of the fishermen did not do these things any longer. Mat's grandfather thought that now fishermen seemed more interested in the bids the middlemen offered.

Most of the fish that the middlemen bought would be taken to Marang, a river town about a mile away. This was Wednesday—one of the two market days in Marang—and many people would be waiting to buy the fish.



People disembark from a boat at the Marang shore. The bridge in the background is part of the east coast highway which crosses over many waterways.



Malaysia's national flag has 14 horizontal red and white stripes representing the 13 states of Malaysia and Singapore which became an independent nation in 1965. The dark blue stands for the unity of the Malaysian people and the star for the unity of the states. The crescent symbolizes the Islamic faith.

Some of the fish would be packed in ice and shipped to Kuala Lumpur. Shipping to Kuala Lumpur had not always been possible. But when an ice-making plant had been built in Kuala Trengganu, fish could be shipped long distances and still stay fresh.

Some fish would be dried. In the winter months when fresh fish was not available, families in the village would buy dried fish when they had eaten their own supply.

The bargaining had ended. Pa' Isahak joined his father and Mat. Together, they walked up the beach and across a paved highway. The highway had been built by the British who had governed Malaysia.

Ever since the Malaysians gained their independence, the government had continued to improve the system of roads. Pa' Isahak knew the value of good roads. They were the means that took his fish to other markets. Before the highways were built, rivers had been the chief source of transportation.

At the Coffee Shop

Mat, his father, and grandfather followed the other fishermen into one of RuMuda's coffee shops for breakfast. This was the first meal of the day for the fishermen, but it was considered a snack because no rice was eaten.

Most men in RuMuda ate breakfast at the coffee shops. Sometimes they brought their small sons along. Truck drivers stopped by, bringing the latest news from the cities. And sometimes the men played a checkers game outside by the bus-waiting platform.

Mat sat inside with the crew of his father's boat and had sweet cakes and coffee. The crew spoke hopefully of a good fishing season ahead.

Mat saw the penghulu, the headman of several villages, come in and sit down. One of his father's friends rushed to the penghulu's side. He spoke quickly and angrily.

"Last night my shop was robbed. Some other shopkeepers in the village have had things stolen."



The coffee shops in RuMuda are more than places to snack. They are meeting places where the men of RuMuda discuss the day's affairs. Sometimes truck drivers stop on their way to or from Kuala Lumpur with news from the capital.

The penghulu sighed. He had heard other stories like this one. He tried to reassure the angry man.

"I will contact the police in Marang. They'll be here tomorrow by the latest, and they'll clear up the robberies that have been occurring."

The angry shopkeeper seemed satisfied with the penghulu's statement. He left the coffee shop to return to his own shop.

At that point another villager approached the penghulu.

"I wish to open a business of my own," he said, "and I would like your help."

The penghulu promised to help the man obtain a license and to do whatever else was necessary for the man to open his business.

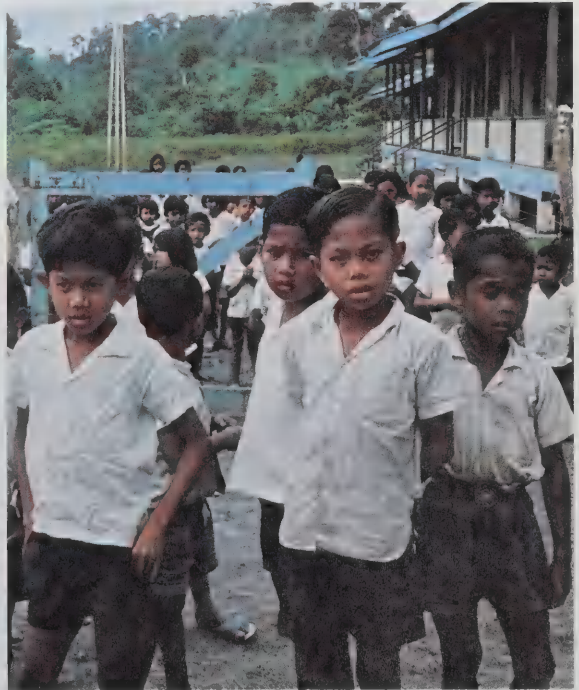
Mat, his father, and his grandfather finished their breakfast. His father gave the shopkeeper a few coins to pay for the snack. His grandfather left for home, and Mat went home to bathe and change his sarong. Pa' Isahak stayed behind to hear any news the penghulu might have.

The Family

When he reached his house, Mat took off his shoes and washed his feet with water. A water jar was kept on a step in front of the house.

Mat stepped up into the cooking room of his house and spoke to his mother Ma' Maz'nah. He climbed two steps up to the room where the family ate their meals. From there he went up a few more steps to the big main room which was used as the family bedroom and living room. A rope draped with sarongs separated Mat's and his brother's sleeping mats from their parents' mats.

Bongsu Awang, Mat's brother, was ready to leave for school, dressed in his uniform—a white shirt and dark blue shorts. He was 10 and liked school. He studied English, as well as his own language—Malay. Already he could speak a few words of English. He hoped to become a teacher.



Boys in their uniforms stand in front of their school. Children from nearby villages attend the elementary school in RuMuda. Children can go to a secondary school in Marang, about one mile north of RuMuda. In Malaysia nine years of free education is provided for children until they reach the age of 15

RuMuda is a fishing village of about 600 people. Its total area is about one square mile. It extends along the east coast of Malaysia about one-half mile and inland about the same distance. Its broad sandy beach slopes slightly toward the ocean so that small boats can be easily brought up on shore.



Unlike Mat, fishing made Bongsu Awang seasick. He was glad Mat, as the oldest boy, would help his father and continue the family business.

He said good-bye to Mat, picked up his notebook, and ran out. On the way, he met Mat's friend Kamal. Kamal was on his way home to bed. Like Mat, he had spent the night fishing. But unlike Mat, he did not enjoy fishing. He had wanted to continue his education, but his family was poor and needed him to work. He was the only money earner since his father had died.

When Kamal had finished free primary school in RuMuda, the penghulu had encouraged him to go for technical training in Marang. The penghulu was aware that Kamal had a special ability with machines. He could repair bicycles and motorcycles

and scooters. The penghulu had even promised to apply to MARA, a government agency, for a scholarship for Kamal. But Kamal felt his family was more important than the training.

After a few words with Kamal, Bongsu Awang continued down the sandy road behind the mosque to school.

Ma' Maz'nah's Day

Ma' Maz'nah had begun her day with a trip to the well. She brought water home and boiled it. Some of the water she kept hot in thermos bottles to be used for making tea or coffee during the day. The rest she poured into other large jars to be used for cooking and drinking. She had fried some rice for herself and Bongsu Awang before he left for school.

Then Ma' Maz'nah took a clean sarong from the rope in the living room and went to the well nearest the house. There were many wells in RuMuda. Ma' Maz'nah and her family shared one with three other families.

Each well in RuMuda serves about seven families. Most of them are deep holes sunk into the ground. The holes are lined with metal oil drums with the tops and bottoms knocked out, one inside another. The top drum is faced with cement where it rises above the ground. Why do you think the villagers of RuMuda boil the water they drink?



The houses in RuMuda are built above the ground on stilts so that air can circulate all around and keep them cool. The stilts also keep the houses from being flooded during heavy monsoon rains. Most of the houses are built of planks with roofs of *atap*—leaves from a type of palm tree. The leaves are tied onto bamboo poles to give them form and are then put in place on the roof. The roofs have to be replaced every two or three years because caterpillars eat them and mice nest in them. Villagers are continually trying to get rid of these pests.

The wells were the only source of water in RuMuda. The government had erected a water tank north of RuMuda in Chendering, but the water was piped only as far south as Marang. The government was planning to pipe the water farther south when funds became available.

Ma' Maz'nah began to bathe. Just as praying five times a day was an important part of her religion, so was bathing. She filled the big metal dipper with cold water and poured it over her. She did this again and again. When she felt clean, she slipped the dry sarong over her head and wriggled out of the wet one.

Other women were at the well doing their wash. Every day Ma' Maz'nah had a big bundle of laundry to wash. But today she decided to wash her clothes later.

She entered the house barefooted. Even though no one ever wore shoes in the house, sand often was tracked inside. Ma' Maz'nah had to sweep every day. She brushed the sand through the spaces between the floorboards, and it fell beneath the house.



The stove in Ma' Maz'nah's kitchen is a table-high box filled with sand. She starts a fire with wood and dry coconut husks which are laid in a semi-circle. On this fire is set a three-legged iron cooking ring. Sometimes Ma' Maz'nah will set two fires to hurry the cooking.



After sweeping, Ma' Maz'nah watered her garden. Outside the kitchen door she had planted cabbages and chilis in the big round dippers which had grown too leaky to hold water. Then she scrubbed the cooking room floor with a brush. Here the cracks between the floorboards were even wider. Bits of food that dropped could be brushed down for the chickens to peck at.

Ma' Maz'nah left the house and went to gather wood. Today she walked to the beach to collect driftwood. When she returned, she dropped the wood next to the house. It would have to be chopped later for the cooking stove. She decided to rake together the rubbish around the house and burn it. She did this several times a month.

As she raked, Ma' Maz'nah thought about her daughter Aminah. She could use her help. Aminah

had been living with an aunt and uncle in a village near Kuala Trengganu. She helped them in their shop and in their home because all of their children were very small. Aminah received a small salary for the work she did. But Ma' Maz'nah was beginning to feel that there was almost too much work at home for one woman to do.

The Rice Paddy

It was April and time to harvest the rice from the family's paddy. As Ma' Maz'nah started for the paddy early one morning, she again wished she had Aminah's help.

Ma' Maz'nah approached the rows of grain with the sun in her face, so that her shadow fell behind her. She believed that the rice had a spirit, and she did not want her shadow to frighten the spirit of the rice. In the palm of her hand she carried a small knife, held so her fingers hid the blade. All that showed was the wooden handle of the knife.

Ma' Maz'nah worked between the rows. Her field was about half an acre. The rains and hot sun



The woman harvesting rice holds the rice knife in her left hand, careful to hide the blade as she cuts each stalk.

had done their work well. Enough rice had grown to feed her family for three or four months. The rice would also provide the seed for next year's crop.

Ma' Maz'nah cut one stalk at a time. When she had a large handful of stalks, she carried them gently to the head of the row. She piled the stalks on a mat so none of the grain would be lost.

The work went slowly. By noon Ma' Maz'nah was hot and her back ached. She sat down under a coconut tree to rest. Leaning back, she thought about what her cousin had told her.

Her cousin had married a man from the west coast. There, she said MARA was giving the rice growers extra seed to encourage the villagers to grow two rice crops each year. Since the monsoon rains watered only the first crop, the government had built a big dam in the west. Here water was stored until it was needed for the second crop.

Her cousin had told her also about a new way of harvesting. In other states, men helped the women cut the grain. They cut many stalks at a time with scythes and could cut a field of rice in just one day. Ma' Maz'nah thought about this way of harvesting. Her method took nearly three weeks. But she was afraid to try a new way. She thought that if she angered the spirit of the rice with the sight of the scythe, it might refuse to grow the next year.

The Fishermen

Mat sat in the back of the boat and watched the wake the boat left behind. Pa' Isahak steered the boat. He knew all about tides and currents and the wind, and at night he could navigate by the stars. He headed for a dark, reddish area of water. The boat glided closer and closer to a school of mackerel.

When the boat reached the fish, the men began dropping a net overboard. The net was 40 feet wide and almost one-third of a mile long. To one corner, the crew had attached a wood float. They attached a small tree to the float. This served as a marker.



Inside this beached boat are fish lures which fishermen make by weaving palm branches. There is also a small tree that is attached to the net by a wood float. Fishermen use it to guide them to where they started letting out their nets.

Pa' Isahak guided the boat in a wide circle, as bit by bit more of the net was lowered into the water. Soon the boat had made a complete circle back to the marker, and the net surrounded the fish.

Six crewmen shouted and beat the water violently with long poles. The commotion startled the fish and caused them to scatter in all directions. In trying to escape, they caught themselves in the mesh of the net. Before long the net was full, and it was time to haul in the catch.

The net was very heavy. The crewmen heaved together to get the filled net into the boat. By the time the catch had been pulled aboard, everyone in the boat was soaking wet. The men worked quickly, picking hundreds of fish out of the net. When the net was empty, they lowered it a second time. The crew hoped to catch the remaining fish before they swam away. Another net full of fish would fill the boat.

On their second haul the men netted a huge shark. The shark darted frantically back and forth, and with its sharp teeth slashed big holes in the net. It took the strength of the whole crew to haul the shark into the motorboat.

The shark would bring a high price. Chinese people in the city used shark fins for a soup that was considered a delicacy. But the net had been badly ripped by the shark. Mat and the rest of the crew would have to mend it before it could be used again.

Pa' Isahak decided to take the special catch directly to Marang where he thought he would get a better price for it.

When the boat was beached, middlemen crowded around and made their bids. The catch was sold. Pa' Isahak was satisfied with the price the shark brought. The crew had earned a good profit for the night's work.

The Marang market attracts villagers from a radius of about four to five miles. They go to the market to buy and sell. There are two large zinc-roofed buildings open on all sides where all kinds of items are displayed. There are also stalls set up outside the two buildings. And some people spread their products out on mats for people to look at.



A Marriage Arrangement

On Friday noon, Mat and Bongsu Awang bathed carefully at the well. They put on their best clothes in honor of Allah. Then they went to the mosque with their father. Once in a while Ma' Maz'nah went to the mosque. When she did, she and any other women who came sat apart from the men. But generally the women said their prayers at home or in the village praying house.

Before entering the mosque, Pa' Isahak and his sons washed their feet. Inside, they asked Allah for his blessings. They began prayers standing up and reciting, "Allah is most great!" They recited this several times. Then they bowed and chanted passages from the Koran with the imam, the prayer leader. He spoke quietly to the people and encouraged everyone to be generous to those in need.

Afterwards, one of the villagers greeted Pa' Isahak outside. "Could I talk with you sometime soon?" he asked.

"Surely," Pa' Isahak said. "Tonight? Come to my house, and we will have coffee."

The man arrived soon after the evening meal. The rest of the family left the two men alone in the main room. They could hear them talking together.

"My son Osman has been working with me in our timber business," the man was saying. "He works hard and has saved a fair amount of money."

"He must be a big help to you," Pa' Isahak interjected.

"Yes, he is a good son and will make a good husband. And it is time for him to marry."

"I wish you good fortune in your search for a wife for Osman," Pa' Isahak said politely.

Osman's father finally stated his purpose for coming. "My wife and I have given much thought to this subject, and we have decided that your daughter Aminah would make a fine wife for Osman. She has had religious training, and we know that she has been taught to care for a home. And Osman has taken notice of her beauty. Will you consider him as a husband for your daughter?"

The top picture is a praying house in a village near RuMuda. Men are chanting verses from the Koran to celebrate the transplanting of rice seedlings. In the bottom picture men from RuMuda are washing the mosque. On a rope are hung sarongs which are used to separate men from women. The imam sometimes delivers a sermon from the pulpit in the background. People usually bring rugs with them on which they kneel to pray.





At an engagement party family and friends of the groom, dressed in their best clothes, bring gifts to the bride's home. The guests have a glass of tea and rice that has been made into sweet cakes.

"It is an honor for us that you have chosen to ask for Aminah. I must talk with my wife about your proposal."

"Then I will hear from you soon." Osman's father left.

Ma' Maz'nah burst into the main room. Before Pa' Isahak could speak, she said, "I think Osman would be a better match for our daughter than anyone else who has come forward."

"I do, too," Pa' Isahak said, "and Aminah will not have to leave the village. We will still see her every day."

Arrangements were made for the marriage between Osman and Aminah. Osman and his father offered 900 Malay dollars as the bride-price. This was considered a great deal of money by Pa' Isahak. It told him that Aminah's future relatives put a high value on her.

New Ventures



Aminah liked working in her aunt's shop in a village near Kuala Trengganu. The shelves were stocked with goods from many foreign places—silk thread from Thailand, cotton from Japan, dishes from China.

Aminah spent part of her work day organizing the goods. She had to put away cooking and lamp oil, packages of tea and coffee, rice grinders, and cooking pots. There were also flashlight batteries, cough syrups, and cosmetics.

She swept and dusted the shop every day. She helped customers by answering their questions.

Aminah listened to her aunt bargain with the customers. No item in the shop was marked with a price. Her aunt and her customers would call figures back and forth until a price was agreed on. Only then would a sale be made.

One day a shipment of cloth arrived at the shop. The material had been ordered by a batik maker who lived down the road from the shop. His house was set up on the highest stilts in town. In the shady space underneath the house he did his work.

He took plain cloth, stamped it with a design, and dyed it. To make the design, he bent wire into a

certain shape and fastened the wire to a block of wood that served as a handle. Hot wax was melted over a fire. Then the batik maker dipped the wire into the hot wax and very carefully pressed the wire onto the cloth in many places. The hot wax left the imprint of the design everywhere it touched.

Then the cloth was put into a big pot of dye dissolved in cold water. The dye colored all of the cloth except where the wax design was.

When the cloth was taken from the cold water dye, it was put into a pot of boiling water. This cleaned the wax out of the material. After the material was dried in the sun, it was dyed again. This time a darker shade was used and the design was colored. Any parts of the cloth that were not to be dyed again would have wax put on them.

When Aminah delivered the cloth, she saw a new design the batik maker had made.

"What a nice pattern!" she said.

"The old designs were all too common," he told her. "A man from MARA came to see me. He told me I could sell more cloth if I made it look different."

The batik maker was working on a big order. "This cloth," he said, "will be shipped to the shops in Kuala Lumpur where tourists will buy it."

"Why does MARA care about your designs?" asked Aminah.

"We Malays have always lived by fishing and farming," he said. "We have never learned much about business. The Chinese in our country run most of the factories and stores. They become more prosperous while we lag behind. The government wants to change that. MARA is helping us learn new skills and improve old ones." The batik maker smiled. "With their help I'm learning."

As Aminah turned to go, the batik maker went on. "The government plans to help us in other ways. They hope to bring water to all seaside villages—pure water, not well water."

Aminah knew that well water could become polluted, especially during the monsoon. She also knew that the water project was not finished. So

far only the bigger towns could afford the pipes.

But electricity had come to RuMuda, at least for those who lived near the highway. Those who lived far back from the road could not afford to pay for the poles to carry the wires.

Election Time

When Aminah's parents had decided on Osman as her husband, she returned home to help her mother. This gave Ma' Maz'nah a little more free time. She spent some afternoons visiting a friend. She would bring her pandanus strips to work on while she visited.

One afternoon when Ma' Maz'nah arrived at her friend's house, she found some other neighbors there. They were sitting on the porch weaving place mats, rice sacks, and sleeping mats out of strips of pandanus while they talked of the coming national election. Members of Parliament were to be elected from all over the country.

Women in the village gather to weave pandanus strips. Pandanus leaves are sharp and spiky. Before they can be woven, they must first be smoked and trimmed and then cut into narrow strips. Then they are soaked and pounded with a heavy pole to soften them. After they have dried in the sun, they might be dyed a bright color, then made into mats, rice sacks, and sleeping mats.



A few days before, a group of young men from the state capital had come to the village. They had passed sample ballots out to the people and instructed them how to cast their vote. On election day all the adults in RuMuda would go to school to vote. They would mark an "X" on the ballot next to the symbol of the party they wanted to win.

Many adults in RuMuda cannot read, and so they distinguish one political party from another by the symbol the party uses to represent itself.

Ma' Maz'nah asked her friend, "Are you planning to go to the meeting that the Alliance Party is having?" People were expected to come to RuMuda to convince the villagers to vote for the Alliance Party.

The Alliance Party had been in office since independence. It wanted all the different people who lived in Malaysia to build a strong, prosperous country. The Alliance Party supported agencies like MARA which encouraged the people to grow more food and start new businesses.

Malaysia consists of two regions—West Malaysia, 11 states on the Malay Peninsula, and East Malaysia, two states on the island of Borneo. In 1957, the 11 states became independent. In 1963, the two states on the island of Borneo joined the federation along with Singapore. In 1965, Singapore became an independent island republic.



Before her friend could answer, Ma Maz'nah continued, "I think it is a good party, and I am going to vote for them."

Ma' Maznah's friend thought it would be wise to vote for the party represented by the sheaf of rice. It was rice that fed her family. Another neighbor decided to vote for the party represented by the crescent and star. She thought this was a good symbol because it stood for her religion.

A Sample Ballot

Bongsu Awang asked his parents if he could take the family's sample ballot to school. He wanted to show it to his teacher and classmates. "The teacher can show the whole class how to vote," he urged.

His parents smiled. "You will make a good citizen," his father said. "You may take the sample ballot to school."

The next day after the ten o'clock recess, Bongsu Awang took the ballot to his teacher. The teacher showed the boys and girls how to mark it.

"Remind your parents to come here and vote next week. By voting, we try to choose a government that will make our country a better place for all of us."

The teacher pointed to a map of Malaysia and said, "Our government builds bridges and clears jungles. MARA provides scholarship money for good students to go to the University of Malaya near Kuala Lumpur. And the government appoints men like the penghulu who help make our lives better. Only last week the penghulu spent several days driving the people of RuMuda back and forth to Marang where they were x-rayed to make sure they were well. Since services such as this one have been provided, the people in the village are healthier."

After his teacher finished talking, Bongsu Awang was more certain that he wanted to go to secondary school in Marang. He would study hard to pass the exams so he could go on to the university. He thought he might even become a teacher.

Part of this wedding ceremony in Ru-Muda takes place in the home of the groom's parents with only the groom's family and friends present. The imam is reading the Islamic wedding contract to the young groom sitting before him. Prayers are said, and the groom signs the marriage contract. At the bride's home the second part of the ceremony takes place. The bride and her mother serve a meal to the groom. Later the groom returns home with his parents. Three days after that, the bride is escorted to the groom's home by her friends, and the ceremony is finally completed.



A New Daughter

After Aminah's wedding to Osman, the young couple went to live with Osman's parents. They would stay there until they saved enough money to build their own home.

It had been two weeks since Aminah's wedding, and Ma' Maz'nah again felt the burden of working alone. That day she talked to Pa' Isahak about needing another daughter.

"We could visit your sister," said her husband. "She and her husband have eight children. They would probably let one girl come to live with us."

Ma' Maz'nah liked her sister's middle daughter Fatimah. She was 11 and a good worker. She would ask her sister to let Fatimah come to live with them.

The family set out up the Marang River, taking a flat-bottomed boat that carried passengers. As the boat chugged along, Bongsu Awang watched the houses near the river bank. Pa' Isahak remembered the floods of a few years back. The monsoon rains had been particularly heavy, and many rivers had overflowed. Several feet of water had covered the land for weeks, and most of the rice crops had been ruined. There had been no fish, and he remembered it as a hungry winter.

It took a half hour to reach their destination. Ma' Maz'nah's sister was not surprised at her request. It was common for one family to "adopt" a child from a relative's family. It was decided that

The flat-bottomed boat that Ma' Maz'-nah's family took up the Marang River is in common use on the east coast of the peninsula. These boats provide transportation along the many wide, shallow rivers. In the state of Trengganu in which RuMuda is located, there are about 16 rivers.



Fatimah would go to live with her aunt and uncle in RuMuda. Fatimah would help Ma' Maz'-nah with the housework and also go to school.

The Holy Month

The ninth month of the Muslim year, Puasa, is a holy month. It starts as soon as the new moon can be seen in the sky. In RuMuda during Puasa, the imam strikes a big gong at the first ray of dawn. The gong can be heard all over the village. From then until the end of the month, no one is allowed to eat or drink from daybreak to nightfall. The people of RuMuda who are caught in the rain must make sure drops of water do not fall into their mouths.

At sunset when the gong is struck again, the people can break their fast. After evening prayers, everyone has a big dinner. They sleep for a few hours at night. But they make sure they get up before dawn to eat again before the gong strikes.

In the evenings the Koran is chanted out loud. The book is set on a red pillow in the mosque. The chanters cover their heads to show respect to Allah. Night after night people take turns chanting the verses of the Koran. Sometimes people gather in each other's homes for Koran reading.

After the Koran has been read through the first time, there is a big meal in the village. The villagers provide food for all the poor in accordance with

Muslim law. The men eat at the mosque and bring some of the food home to their wives and children.

Hari Raya

At the end of Puasa, a three-day celebration called Hari Raya takes place. In preparation for it the women cook special foods, sew or buy new clothes for everyone, and scrub the house from top to bottom. For one full day Bongsu Awang had to carry water from the well to be used in the house-cleaning.

Three nights before Hari Raya, lanterns are lit. Villagers who cannot afford to buy the paper lanterns and candles sold in the shops use a homemade light. They fill a piece of bamboo with kerosene. Then they put bamboo twigs down inside the kerosene to make a wick. They light the twigs and set the lanterns outside on the porch so that everyone can see them.

Everyone goes to visit friends and family during Hari Raya. Food and drink are set on tables for the visitors. Families and friends exchange gifts. The children take little presents of food to all their neighbors.

Bongsu Awang knew it was Hari Raya the minute he woke up. Firecrackers were going off all over the village. He could smell the very special curry his mother was preparing. Then he remembered. His father was going to kill two chickens as a special treat. The family had chicken and beef to eat only a few times a year.

Bongsu Awang jumped up to wash at the well and to say his prayers. Then he put on his new shirt, made of the latest batik design.

The family's relatives had been invited to share the feast. Bongsu Awang's grandparents came early. Some of his aunts and uncles and cousins from other villages came, too. Aminah and Osman came later.

The family feasted on all the delicious food and then exchanged gifts. Afterward Ma' Maz'nah sent Fatimah to her neighbors with little presents of



One of the foods prepared for Hari Raya is *tapai*. It is a cake made of steamed rice over which yeast is sprinkled. In this picture the woman is straining yeast through a tea strainer onto the rice. The rice cakes will then be wrapped in rubber tree leaves and left to sit for three days before they are eaten.

food. At night the main room was crowded with the sleeping mats of all their visiting relatives.

The Sacred Journey

More important to the villagers than Puasa was a visit to the holy city of Mecca where the prophet Muhammad was born. This was a long, expensive journey. Mat's grandparents had saved all their lives to make the trip.

One day his grandfather took down from the roof the tin can where he and his wife kept their money. Their sons had given them a gift of money for Hari Raya. This, added to what they had saved, would pay for a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The family also gave the grandparents presents to take with them. Aminah and Osman gave their grandmother a handbag, large enough to hold everything she would need to carry. Aminah had also stitched a length of striped, handwoven silk into a new sarong for her grandfather. Ma' Maz'nah tied up a sack of rice for their trip and another bag of dried fish and biscuits.

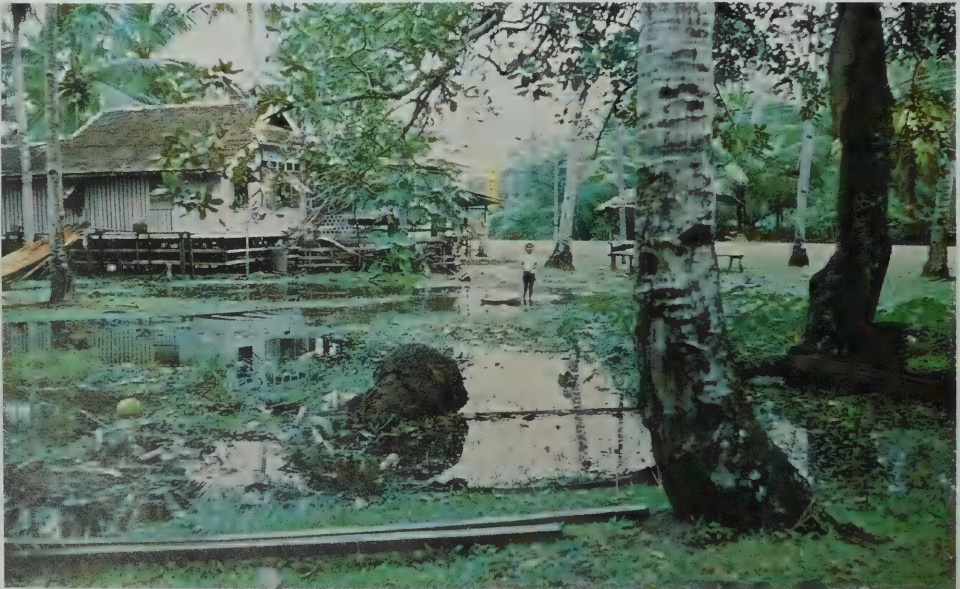
The whole family gathered to wave good-bye. The grandparents boarded the bus to Kuala Lumpur. From the port of Klang, a ship would take them to Arabia.

A Successful Trip

It had been an expensive year for Pa' Isahak. Aminah's wedding, Hari Raya, and the gift of money for his parents' journey had all cost a great deal. He had very little money left. Any day now the monsoon rains would begin, and the fish were likely to be scarce. Even the juruselam would not be able to find fish when he listened underwater.

In the coffee shop Pa' Isahak talked the problem over with his crew. The juruselam told them what the fishermen of Chendering were planning. The owners of the motorboats in Chendering had decided to take their boats far down the coast to the southern tip of the Malay peninsula. There the monsoon rains would not be as heavy, and they would be able to make some good catches.

Two weeks of monsoon rains produced this flooding of RuMuda. The rains usually start around October and end about February. Rains fall throughout the rest of the year, but only about once or twice a month during non-monsoon season. What effect do you think monsoon rains have on life in RuMuda?



Pa' Isahak and his crew discussed this plan for nearly a week. Finally, they all agreed to take their boat down the coast with the men of Chendering. They did not like to leave their families for so long, but they depended on good fishing.

Before he left, Pa' Isahak prepared the rice paddy. He used a water buffalo to pull the plow. The blade churned up the muddy soil. Already Ma' Maz'nah had planted the seed in one corner of the field. When the rains started, Fatimah would help Ma' Maz'nah transplant the seedlings into long, straight rows.

The monsoon had already begun by the time the crew left. Every day the rain pounded down, lasting for hours at a time. Ma' Maz'nah found it hard to walk to a village shop through all the water that collected on the ground.

In six weeks Pa' Isahak and his crew returned. Their families were relieved and happy to see them. The fishing trip south had been successful. Every day the nets had been filled. There would be enough food for the winter.

If fishing nets are ripped by sharks or from the weight of a catch, fishermen must mend them before they can be used again.



People
in
Kuala
Lumpur



Mahmud Leaves the Village



Mahmud was 17. For three years he had lived with his grandparents so he could go to school in Kuala Trengganu.

During his school holidays Mahmud had always returned home to RuMuda to visit his family. He worked with his father and his older brother. They owned some forest land near RuMuda, just a few miles inland from the east coast of Malaysia.

The middlemen paid them for the trees they cut down. Then some of the logs were tied onto the backs of trucks belonging to middlemen and hauled to big cities. Other logs were trucked to the sawmill south of RuMuda. There the wood was cut into planks and taken to a lumberyard in Kuala Trengganu.

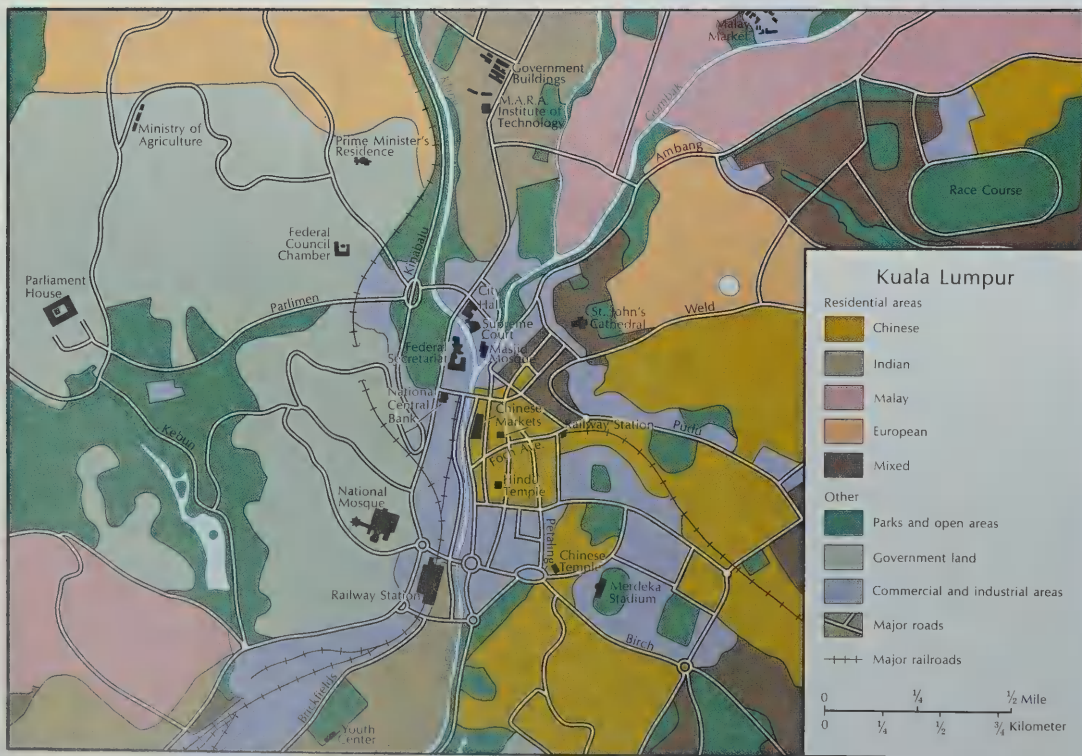
Before returning to RuMuda, Mahmud had decided that his father's work was not the job for him. RuMuda was his home, but he preferred life in the city. He wanted to live in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaysia.

Mahmud had planned to finish secondary school, go on to the University of Malaya near Kuala Lumpur, and then get a government job in the capital. He had worked hard in school but had failed the

test to enter Form V—the last year of secondary school. This meant he could not go to the university.

When Mahmud failed the exam, he was very disappointed. But he finally accepted it and decided to go home and talk to his parents about his future.

That first evening home, Mahmud talked with his father. He suggested that Mahmud settle down in RuMuda and go to work on the forest land.



His father had been expecting this. He knew that some of the young men of RuMuda had gone to Kuala Lumpur to work. But usually they moved back home again after a year or two.

"We Malays have always lived in villages," Mahmud's father told him. "City life is more suited to the rich Chinese."

Mahmud looked suprised. "Are all Chinese rich?"

"Many of them are. They work all the time in order to make money."

But Mahmud's father was more concerned about his son. "The city is not always the best place to live," his father told him. "When I have gone to the city with the middleman, I wish to return quickly to RuMuda. Here our concern is not to make a lot of money. We try to make what we need to live and some more to take care of people who have nothing. Do you think that Chinese you will meet in Kuala Lumpur will be interested in helping you? They do not feel as we do."

Mahmud listened to his father politely, waiting for him to finish. When he did, Mahmud repeated that the big city was still the place where he wanted to live.

"But what would you do in Kuala Lumpur?" his father asked. Mahmud was not sure, and his father suggested that before Mahmud make a final decision, he ask the penghulu for advice.

Although most Chinese in Malaysia live in cities, a large number live in villages. This is the kitchen of a Chinese family that lives in a village. They own eight acres of rubber trees which they tap themselves. When rubber prices are very low, their cash income is just enough for necessities. They also have the use of some land where they can grow a few vegetables for themselves, and in their backyard they raise some chickens.



This land is just one of the many sites that Malaysia has reclaimed for oil palm trees. In the past 10 years oil palm acreage has increased so much that Malaysia has become the world's largest exporter of palm oil.



Reclaiming the Land

A few days later Mahmud met the penghulu in the coffee shop. "You know how the country's population is growing," the penghulu said. "There are too many workers and not enough positions for them. Even university graduates have trouble finding work."

"Could I get a government job?" Mahmud asked.

"It's true that we Malays have an advantage there. The Constitution gives us preference over others when it comes to hiring people for civil service jobs. But those who have passed the Form V exam have a much better chance."

Seeing Mahmud's discouraged look, the penghulu made a suggestion. "Have you heard how the government is pushing back the jungle?" he asked. "The government is helping Malays to settle in the south and clear the land. In place of jungle, workers are planting rubber and oil palm trees."

"The government gives people who want to settle at one of these sites a house and 10 acres of land to plant oil palm trees. They are also given two acres of land for growing vegetables and fruit orchards."

"The government clears the land and plants the new trees. Part of the profit from the sale of the oil goes to the settlers. The rest goes toward paying the government for the house and the trees. When the debt to the government has been paid in full, the house and 10 acres of oil palm trees belong to the man who has earned them."

"If you become a homesteader," the penghulu finished, "in time, you can own your own land."

The idea did not appeal very much to Mahmud. He thanked the penghulu and said that he would think about it. That night he told his father that he still wanted to try his luck in Kuala Lumpur.

His father sighed, but he felt that Mahmud had the right to make his own decisions. He would write his sister and her husband who live in Kampong Bahru in Kuala Lumpur and ask if Mahmud could stay with them while he looked for a job.

A Chinese Family in Kuala Lumpur

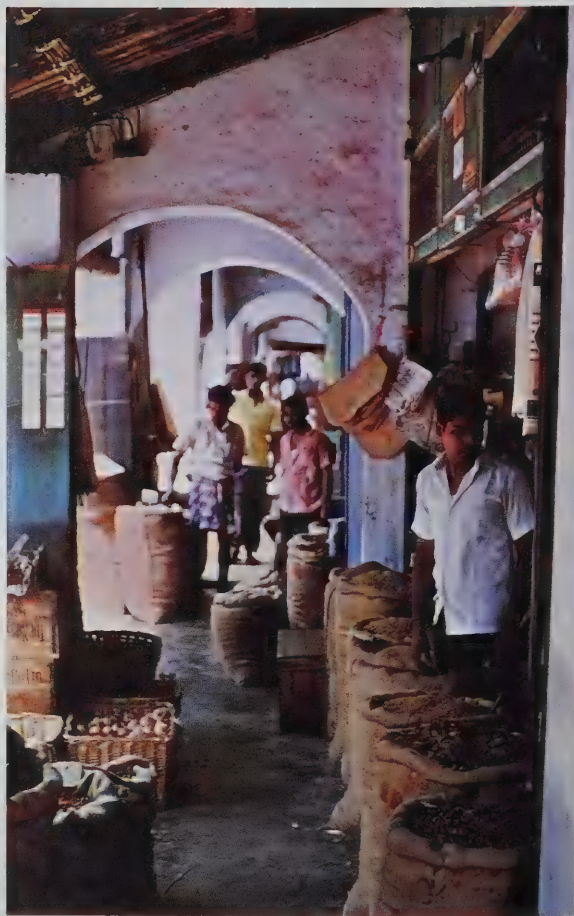
It was just eight P.M. Usually Lee Chu-po began work at seven in the morning and closed his pharmacy in Kuala Lumpur at nine. But business had been slow today, and he was tired. He peered up and down the street. No customers were in sight. He rolled down the outer door of his shop and locked it. He tucked the key into his pocket and walked the few steps to his home entrance. He climbed the stairs to the second floor above the shop where he and his younger son lived. His older son and daughter-in-law lived with their two children on the first floor in back of the shop.

When he got to his own living quarters, Grandfather Lee found that his younger son Lee Watt-yen had already arrived home. Watt-yen was an instructor at the University of Malaya.

In downtown Kuala Lumpur there is a large Chinese business district. The roofs of the shops extend over the streets in order to provide protection from monsoon rains.



The "five-foot way" or arcade is the walkway under the extended roofs of shops in Kuala Lumpur. This feature can be seen in many other commercial areas throughout Malaysia.



Seeing that he did not look very happy, Grandfather Lee asked Watt-yen what the trouble was.

"I have been hoping for a promotion. There is an opening for Lecturer in my department," Watt-yen said. "I hear that one of the Malay instructors is being considered for the position. I'm afraid he'll get it."

Grandfather Lee looked at his son sympathetically. "Do not be discouraged. You will probably be given the promotion. Your teaching record at the university is a good one. The university is

bound to notice that you are qualified for the position and that you deserve it."

"But, Father, the Malay is just as qualified as I am."

"But," Grandfather Lee said firmly, "the university should give you the appointment. I'm sure you are more willing to work than the Malay."

Watt-yen knew of his father's attitude toward Malays and was not surprised to hear him speak of Malays in this manner. "Just because Malays seem more easygoing than we, does not mean that they are lazy," Watt-yen had to insist.

Before Grandfather Lee could reply, he heard a knock at the door. His little granddaughter Kiat-boi came in.

"Please join us. The meal is ready," she said.

Ah-choy, Grandfather Lee's daughter-in-law, had the food all prepared when they walked downstairs. Grandfather Lee's oldest son Watt-sen who worked with his father in the pharmacy entered the dining room and took his seat.

Ah-choy served Grandfather Lee first. Since he was the oldest person in the family, all the members showed him respect. When he spoke, everyone listened politely to what he had to say.

Grandfather Lee spoke to Watt-yen, continuing their interrupted conversation. "It is true that the policies of the government favor the Malays. But our extra diligence has enabled us to reach our goals. I just know that some day you will be a professor at the university.

With that Grandfather Lee became silent, sat back, and enjoyed his meal.

Business with a Malay

The next morning Grandfather Lee rose early to drive with his friend to the town of Kajang, 15 miles from Kuala Lumpur. He left his son Watt-sen in charge of the pharmacy. Grandfather Lee's friend had a gift shop next to the pharmacy. He went regularly to Kajang to buy the handcrafted mats that the villagers made. The tourists who came into his

Malaysia is a constitutional monarchy. The head of the government is the prime minister, the leader of the political party that gets the most seats in a parliamentary election. Since 1957, when Malaysia became independent, the Alliance Party has been in power. It's an association of three major groups—the United Malay National Organization, the Malaysian Chinese Association, the Malayan Indian Congress. At a picnic, members of the Alliance Party are celebrating after an election. Why do you think the Alliance Party has been so successful?



shop very often requested them and usually quickly bought up his supply.

When they arrived at Kajang, they went directly to the home of Esah who collected the items from the village craftspeople.

"I've sold all the mats you gave me last time," Grandfather Lee's friend told Esah.

"I have many more for you this time," Esah said.

Grandfather Lee watched as Esah loaded the mats onto his friend's truck. When Esah was done, he approached the shopkeeper. "The same price as before?" he asked. The shopkeeper agreed. He made a count of the mats and paid Esah.

Before Grandfather Lee's friend left, he said, "You would do well to bargain for a higher price from me. Your mats are very much in demand."

"I am satisfied with what you have given me," Esah said.

"Your problem is that you are too easily satisfied. You could make more money if you cared to. Not only could you bargain for a better price, but you could encourage your craftspeople to make other items beside mats. You would increase your business."

"I am satisfied with the business I do now," Esah repeated. Then Grandfather Lee and his friend got into the truck.



Much of Malaysia is covered with tropical rain forest, and timber is the third largest export

"That is the problem with the Malays," said Grandfather Lee to his friend. "They are not interested in improving themselves. Lack of ambition," he muttered.

Mahmud Comes to the City

In RuMuda Mahmud had been preparing to make the trip to Kuala Lumpur. When the day came to leave RuMuda, he said good-bye to his family and boarded a bus.

Mahmud was able to see much of the Malay Peninsula on the 300-mile bus trip from RuMuda to Kuala Lumpur. The bus stopped at nearly every village along the way and crossed many wide, slow-flowing rivers.

The bus driver told some stories about his past experiences. Before bridges had been built to span the rivers, the buses had to wait for ferryboats to carry them across. Sometimes the monsoon rains flooded the roads, making it impossible to travel.

The bus finally approached Kuala Lumpur. Mahmud's destination was Kampong Bahru in Kuala Lumpur. Many of the people who owned property or operated businesses there were Malays.

When Mahmud reached Kampong Bahru, he saw that his aunt and uncle's house looked different from his home in RuMuda. It was made of wood and had indoor plumbing.

Mahmud's aunt and uncle welcomed him into their home. He gave them all the news of his family in RuMuda.

After Mahmud put away his things, they all went to the eating room for the main meal.

Mahmud's uncle was a postal clerk in Kuala Lumpur. After the main meal he spoke of his job to Mahmud, suggesting that he might be interested in the same kind of work.

Mahmud was sure of only one thing—he wanted to be meeting and working with people.

"I think I will try to get a job in one of the shops along Petaling Street or Foch Avenue." Mahmud had seen the busy shops when he had ridden

through Kuala Lumpur and had thought it would be an interesting place to work.

Mahmud's uncle hesitated before he said, "You can try, but you will probably not find a job. Those shops are in the Chinese district and are owned by Chinese shopkeepers. They employ other Chinese to help them."

Mahmud said that he would still try.

Indians in Malaysia

Bala Singam was a teacher in Kuala Lumpur. His grandparents had come to Malaysia from India in the early twentieth century to work on a rubber plantation. At the time Great Britain was governing India and Malaysia.

Years before this Great Britain had become aware of the profit that could be made from the rubber industry. The climate of Malaysia is excellent for the rubber industry. There are abundant rainfall, a high humidity, and a high temperature year round. With a year-round growing season, the plant growth is rapid.

The British rubber developers needed many workers to plant, weed, and tap rubber trees. Since Malays could not be encouraged to become laborers on the plantations, Great Britain brought many Tamil laborers from India to Malaysia.

An Indian rubber tapper is removing a thin shaving of bark with a special knife. The cut has to be made deep enough so that latex will ooze out, but not so deep that the circulation of the tree is damaged. Once a rubber tree has been tapped, latex begins to drip from the cut into a cup. Then the latex is collected. It takes about a year to train someone to be an expert tapper.



Bala Singam lived on a plantation with his parents and went to the school there. After primary school he went to live in a city with his aunt and uncle. They had offered to pay for his education. Having children was important to Bala's relatives, but they had none of their own. So they were happy to have Bala come live with them. Without their help Bala would not have been able to become a teacher.

Bala's aunt and uncle had come to Malaysia about 1930. His uncle had been educated in an English school in India and had come to Malaysia to work as a clerk in one of the large British trading companies. At this time educated Indians were coming to Malaysia because there were not enough English-educated Malays to fill the positions in a rapidly growing country. People were needed in government services and in the business world.

Bala was happy to have had the education he did and hoped that more Indians could achieve what he had. He often went to the homes of Indian children he taught and talked with their parents about their situations.

One parent was a taxi driver. He worked from daylight to midnight six days a week and earned about six Malay dollars a day.

"You taxi drivers need a union," Bala told his neighbor. "My parents are rubber tappers and belong to the National Union of Plantation Workers. A few years ago a weeder on the rubber plantation earned just 60 cents a day. Now, because of the union, he makes about three dollars a day."

The taxi driver sighed. "We need some kind of help. My Indian friends have the same problem I have—we are all underpaid."

Bala knew that his ancestors had worked for low wages and continued to do so for many years. Even today many of their descendants got little pay for such jobs as collecting refuse or repairing streets. Bala thought that if his parents had had an education, their situation would be different today.

Thinking about his parents made Bala want to see them. So his next free weekend he boarded a bus to Kuala Selangor about 60 miles away. When

Indians celebrate Thaipusam, a Hindu religious festival. People take a vow of penance and carry wooden frames decorated with flowers and skewers which are pinned into the skin of their back and chest. This festival takes place throughout West Malaysia and South India.



he arrived, he saw at once that his parents were troubled by something.

"There is a law which says we must apply for work permits," his father said. "Every non-Malaysian needs a permit to keep his job. The foreman on the rubber plantation says this is because the government wants to make sure work is given to its citizens."

Bala frowned. "You should have become citizens years ago. Now you must do so at once."

"I thought only Malays could be citizens," his father said.

"They are automatically citizens. But people of other ethnic groups can apply for citizenship if they are born here or have lived in Malaysia for a long time," Bala explained. "I will help you fill out the papers. I am sure you will qualify for citizenship."

Mahmud Gets a Job



After many weeks and many tries, Mahmud had not gotten a job in one of the shops in the Chinese district.

One day his uncle came home with news of a job opportunity for him.

"There are some openings for new recruits on the police force," he said. "If you apply, you may have a chance."

The next morning Mahmud got up earlier than usual. He washed carefully and spent extra time on his prayers.

When he arrived at the government building, he saw other hopeful young men who had also come to apply. All of them were given a written test. Mahmud did his best. He was also given a physical exam. He was in very good health and was not worried about passing it.

The next 10 days passed much too slowly for Mahmud. Finally, he received a letter telling him to report to the sergeant in charge of new recruits.

The sergeant told Mahmud he would be on probation for a year. And for the next several weeks Mahmud went through a training period. The recruits were taught how to defend themselves against

One of the points of interest near Kuala Lumpur are the Batu Caves, large caverns of limestone. The Museum Cave houses items of historical interest. The Cathedral Cave is visited by Hindus during the Thaipusam festival. Pictured below are some of the 272 steps leading to the entrance of the Cathedral Cave.



an armed criminal. They were shown the proper way to make an arrest. Mahmud learned how to deal with lost children and took a course in first aid. He was also trained to assist firemen in an emergency.

Mahmud's class was taught many things about the law. The police sergeant talked about the rights of all people. Mahmud learned that everyone's property had to be respected. During training, Mahmud memorized traffic laws and other regulations. Every evening he studied at home for two hours.

On days off Mahmud enjoyed going with his cousin to the park. Many of his cousin's friends played soccer and badminton in the park. Mahmud was not too skillful at these sports. But he was an expert at a game called sepak raga.

In the park one day Mahmud saw some Malay and Chinese boys playing sepak raga. A net separated two teams of three players each, competing against each other. In RuMuda when children played sepak raga, they did not form teams. A group of children tried together to keep a rattan ball in the air without using their hands or arms.

In the park in Kuala Lumpur, Mahmud could see that both teams seemed determined to win the game. Their way of playing made it seem more like hard work than fun, Mahmud decided. He thought that this must be the way the Chinese decided to play the game that the Malays had taught them. It seemed to him that the Chinese took everything seriously—even having a good time.

He remembered part of an old saying he had heard once. "When two Malays got together, they would sit down under a coconut tree to talk and enjoy a cool drink. When two Chinese got together, they would form a business partnership."

Malaysians All

Often at night Mahmud would go to the Youth Center. He had met Bala Singam there, and they had become friends. Bala had helped to get youths



The University of Malaya teaching hospital takes care of part of the medical treatment provided for the people of Malaysia. There are now about 400 beds per 100,000 people in the hospitals throughout Malaysia. The first doctors graduated in Malaysia in 1969.

interested in coming to the center. He had also helped to organize many of the activities, such as a badminton team, a soccer team, and drama club. The Ministry of Youth and Culture sponsored the center because they were very concerned about getting all young people together—whether they be Malay, Chinese, or Indian.

Mahmud remembered one night in particular at the Youth Center. He and Bala were sitting in the canteen chatting with a Chinese student from the university and with a young Indian.

The Indian had tried to get a scholarship to the university in order to study medicine, but he had been rejected. Now he was training to be a lab assistant at General Hospital.

Bala wanted to explain to the young Indian the reason for the rejection. "The government simply wants to help its native people," Bala began. "It is aware that for years many Malays have been content to lead the simple village life that they always have. With special help the government hopes to change that."

The Chinese youth interrupted at this point. "But many of the Chinese who came here were poor people, too. Why doesn't the government give special privileges to them?"

Bala was glad the boy had asked this question. "Because," he said, "it has been obvious that the Chinese in Malaysia work hard to raise their standard of living. And remember, the Chinese came to



There are five universities in Malaysia. These students are studying at the University of Malaya, the oldest university in the country. It has an enrollment of about 10,000 students.

Malaysia looking for a better life. They left behind in China a way of life that was unsatisfactory. It seems natural that they would work harder in what is, for them, a new land."

Mahmud had listened to the conversation closely. He was quite aware that Malays were given preference in some areas. He felt that it should be so until the Malays could catch up economically with other Malaysians. And by the time the Malays do catch up, Mahmud hoped, we will not think of ourselves as Malays, Chinese, and Indians—but as Malaysians.

The Lee Children at School

The new school term had begun. School was too far away for Kiat-boi to walk to. So her mother Ah-choy arranged a ride for her. Every morning a trishaw stopped in front of the pharmacy. After the trishaw picked up Kiat-boi, it stopped to get her friend; and they rode to school together.

Kiat-boi was nine years old and in the third grade. She attended a Chinese school. At one time the Chinese schools were started and maintained by the Chinese. They did not get support from the government. But as time went on, the Chinese schools accepted assistance from the government. Without this assistance many would have had to close.

Among Kiat-boi's subjects were arithmetic and Chinese. She also studied Malay history and the Malay language a couple of hours a week.

Kiat-boi's brother Wai-mun rode the bus to school each day. He was in the seventh grade. At his school most instruction was given in English.

Wai-mun knew that next term more of the courses would be taught in the Malay language. The Constitution said that all schools would have to use Malay as the language of instruction, and that English was to be used as a second language. Wai-mun worried about this. He knew only a few words of Malay that he had picked up on the playground and in the shops. Beside mastering Malay,

The directions on this sign are printed in four different languages. Why do you think this would be important in the city of Kuala Lumpur?



his parents insisted he learn to read and write Chinese well.

Wai-mun felt that he had a great deal of studying ahead of him, and thought it rather unnecessary that he learn Malay. One day in school he asked his teacher why it was so important that he learn the language.

"We are all Malaysians," began Wai-mun's teacher. "But many of us came from other countries. The government wants us to give up all ties to our old countries. We must do this in order to have a unified country."

Wai-mun thought he had listened but was unsure what his teacher was saying. He asked his teacher what it meant to have a unified country.

"It means that all the different groups of people will learn to live and work together to make Malaysia the best country it can be for all the people who live here."

Malays on the Rise

Wai-mun's uncle Watt-yen had not been given the promotion he had hoped for. He began talking about moving to Australia in order to get a better position. Quite a few Indian and Chinese professors and doctors had moved there.

"The government worries about its professional people leaving the country," Watt-yen told his father. "But what else can the government expect when their policies favor the Malays?"

Grandfather Lee liked having his family close to him and was unhappy to think his son might move away. Yet he understood why Watt-yen would want to make the move.

Grandfather Lee was thinking of these things when Ah-choy called to him. "Come, let us watch the parade. It will be passing this way soon." Grandfather Lee and Watt-yen followed Ah-choy out to the street.

When an important person from another country visited Kuala Lumpur, the city usually had a parade. Schoolboys lined the parade route. They cheered

and waved flags to welcome the visitor.

Today, banners were fluttering everywhere. The sidewalks were crowded with noisy people. Everyone let out a loud cheer as the procession passed. Grandfather Lee caught a glimpse of the Prime Minister seated in an open limousine next to an official from Japan. The Malaysian government often gave officials from Japan a large welcome because Malaysia did much trading with Japan. Japan is lacking the natural resources that Malaysia has, but it has the industrialization necessary to process Malaysia's raw materials.

Other members of the government rode behind the Prime Minister's limousine. Grandfather Lee commented to Watt-sen who was standing next to him that there were more Malays than Chinese holding government positions.

As his family followed him, Grandfather Lee walked back upstairs, muttering about it.

"Without the Chinese this country would be less prosperous. We develop the factories, run the offices, direct trade. The Malays fish and grow a little rice. Why should they be favored over us?"

At this tin mine near Kuala Lumpur, water flows swiftly out of the hose in the foreground, loosening any tin in the hill. The water is then pumped up pipelines to the sloping wooden shed in the background. There the loosened tin ore is caught.



A trade school in Kuala Lumpur trains students who will graduate with a skill they can use in agriculture or industry.



Watt-sen listened to this complaint. "They are the native people here," he answered his father.

Grandfather Lee continued to grumble. "I still think Malays do not try hard enough and have done little to improve the economy of Malaysia.

"In 1850, my great-great-grandfather arrived from China to work in the tin mines. He worked in a desolate, swampy area. He saw people dying from malaria and other diseases, but he continued to work long hours. He saved his money, just as many other Chinese did. They started out as laborers in the mines and eventually built up businesses. Smelting sheds were begun, shops were opened, houses were built, and even a hospital and a Chinese school were established in one mining area.

"The Malays were content to let the Chinese invest in business. They preferred to stay in their villages and lead the slow-paced life they had always lived," Grandfather Lee finished.

"But the Malays are beginning to take a greater interest in the country's economy," Watt-sen said. "They have learned that they can apply for government loans to start a business. MARA has lent money at low rates to those people whose projects seem worthwhile. These Malays have entered into all kinds of business—everything from batik shops to food catering services.

"Over 3,000 young people are enrolled in the MARA Institute of Technology. They are being trained and will have a profession when they graduate. Architects and engineers are already using the training they have received. Before long the Malays will play a larger part in the economy of the country."

A Visit to the Temple

As time went by, Watt-yen continued to speak of moving away. Grandfather Lee wondered what the future held. He decided to go to the Buddhist temple to find out.

Although the national religion of Malaysia is Islam, the Constitution provides freedom of religion for all people. The Chinese in Malaysia mainly follow the Buddhist religion. Confucius was a Chinese philosopher who preached a doctrine of justice and peace. There are many elements of his philosophy in the Buddhist religion. At the right is a Confucianist temple in Kuala Lumpur which is attended by many Chinese.



Buddhists believe that it is their duty to take care of the spirits of their dead relatives, and in turn these spirits might assist them in their lives. During the Ching Ming festival Buddhists go to the graves of their relatives to put them in good order. The festival is sometimes called "the sweeping of the graves." The living relatives place food offerings at the graves of their ancestors and cloth from which the spirits can make clothes.

When he got to the temple, Grandfather Lee bought three incense sticks and a candle from the monk who stood on the temple steps. He slipped off his shoes before entering. Inside the temple it was hushed and dim. The smell of incense hung in the air. A statue of the great Buddha sat in the center of the high-ceilinged room. Siddhartha Gautama was the founder of Buddhism. His followers named him Buddha which means the enlightened one.

Here and there were other statues. Grandfather Lee lit the incense sticks in the flame of the candle. He then placed the candle before the statue of the Goddess of Mercy. He put the fragrant sticks in the incense pot beside the statue. Bowing rapidly several times, he asked the goddess to favor his son with good luck. Next, he picked up a tall cup that was filled with small, brownish bamboo sticks, two or three inches long. About 50 sticks, each with a number marked on it, rattled in the cup.

Grandfather Lee shook the cup of sticks and tilted it. He picked up the stick that fell out and took it to the monk. From dozens of small bits of



paper, the monk selected the one whose number matched the number on the stick.

The words on the paper said, "Set your mind at ease. In time, your problem will be solved."

Grandfather Lee was satisfied and felt relieved. He gave the monk a few coins to buy oil for the temple lamps and left.

The Policeman at Work

Mahmud had been a policeman for a month, and his days were busy. Once he rescued a trapped passenger from a wrecked car. Another time he marched a thief off to jail. He returned lost children to their parents and often gave directions to tourists.

In December Mahmud was given a beat to walk in the Chinese section of Kuala Lumpur. When the monsoon began, heavy rains drenched the city. Mahmud caught a bad cold and went into the pharmacy for some medicine. Grandfather Lee waited on him and recognized him as the policeman who patrolled the area.

Mahmud passed the same pharmacy early every morning, and every day he saw Kiat-boi run out and hop into a trishaw. Sometimes she waved at him.

During the monsoon season of 1971, rains flooded Kuala Lumpur. In this residential area of the city, people placed boards between the roofs of their homes so that they could cross over buildings and get to safety.



Grandfather Lee watched Mahmud walking his beat, and he wondered how long the young Malay patrolman would keep his job. Grandfather Lee predicted that before long Mahmud would get bored with the job. "Then," he thought, "a more industrious Chinese can take over the beat."

But throughout the rainy season, Mahmud never missed a day. And it was the worst rainy season in many years. Sometimes the monsoon drains could not carry the water away fast enough. It gurgled up onto the slick pavement. Cars zigzagged in the spray. Mahmud hoped the wet streets would not cause accidents.

But one afternoon, the trishaw bringing Kiat-boi home from school skidded. The driver lost control and tumbled off the bike. It flipped over, and Kiat-boi was trapped underneath.

Mahmud ran to the overturned trishaw and pulled out Kiat-boi. The trishaw owner was not hurt. Kiat-boi was drenched and shivering from fright. Mahmud carried her to her home. Ah-choy had been watching from the window and had seen the accident. She rushed to the door to meet them. When she saw that her daughter was not hurt, she thanked Mahmud for what he had done.

A week or two later Mahmud again went into the pharmacy. His cousin had a bad earache, and Mahmud wanted to pick up some medicine that had been prescribed for him. After he left the pharmacy, Grandfather Lee remarked to Watt-sen that the policeman didn't seem to be a bad fellow after all. "He is not so lazy as I had thought," the old man added.

Watt-sen turned away to hide his smile. A few months ago his father had insisted that all Malays were lazy and that Mahmud would not be able to keep his job.

Chinese New Year

"Happy New Year!" Wai-mun shouted. It was the start of the Year of the Ox. The years of the Chinese calendar are named after 12 different animals. The

In the main room of a Chinese home, a Buddhist family has its worship area. On Chinese New Year the family will offer food to their ancestors and the household god. Then they will sit down to the meal.



ox was a quiet animal so people believed it would be a peaceful year. It was a good time to get married and settle disagreements. Just before the new year began, Grandfather Lee paid off all his debts so that good luck would follow him throughout the year.

There was no school during the nine-day celebration, and the Lee family had time to visit all their relatives. They started by calling on their oldest relatives.

On the first day of Chinese New Year, they drove out to visit Ah-choy's parents who lived in a suburb of Kuala Lumpur called Petaling Jaya.

Not long ago, the spot where Ah-choy's parents' house stood was part of an old rubber estate with a number of tin mines close by. Petaling Jaya is a planned town of about 4,000 acres that was developed in order to relieve the overcrowded housing conditions in Kuala Lumpur. Now about 50,000 people live there, and the community has its own government offices, banks, markets, and theaters.

The government saw that the area was a good location for industry. It was just seven miles from



The towns of West Malaysia are mostly unplanned. In the urban areas buildings are put to many uses. Petaling Jaya was Malaysia's first planned community. It is a modern town with heavily industrialized areas on 700 of its acres. Its residential areas have modern suburban shopping centers.

the port of Klang from where goods were shipped.

To encourage industry, the government exempted from taxes for two years any company that invested 100,000 Malay dollars. Companies that invested more than that were tax-free for five years.

This privilege made it easier for investors to build up their businesses quickly. They were able to hire more people who could produce more manufactured goods to trade with other nations. Nearly 200 modern factories turned out soap, paint, tires, automobiles, furniture, and air-conditioning units.

Ah-choy's father owned a textile plant in Petaling Jaya. He gave the visiting relatives gifts of cloth made in his own factory. Ah-choy's mother made snacks for the relatives to eat.

The children's grandparents also gave them gifts of money wrapped in red paper to signify the giving and receiving of good luck.

When the family returned home, Ah-choy decorated the house with lanterns made of colored tissue paper. Old Chinese stories were drawn on them, and candles were placed inside to make them glow.



School boys are preparing to march through the streets in the lion dance in celebration of Chinese New Year.

Wai-mun and some of his friends made a long papier-mâché lion. They left the inside hollow. When it was finished, the boys pulled the paper lion over their heads and danced through the streets of Kuala Lumpur.

The lion dance is an important part of the New Year's celebration. The lion is the Buddhist symbol of good luck and courage. The boys danced in front of homes bringing luck to all those who lived there.

After a Year

Mahmud's probation period was over, and he became a permanent member of the police force. At this time his parents decided to come for a visit. They were anxious to see Mahmud again. And he was looking forward to introducing his parents to the friends he had made.

Mahmud had come to think of Bala Singam as a

friend. Every month or so he stopped by the teacher's apartment. Bala Singam had met and married a Hindu woman, and his parents were pleased with the match. Bala's parents had become citizens.

Mahmud still patrolled the streets in the Chinese section of Kuala Lumpur. He often thought of what a different life he had from his parents. Mahmud wondered what his parents would think of all his new friends. He planned to introduce them to Bala and those members of the Lee family whom he had met. Mahmud thought he might even introduce his parents to Grandfather Lee. He had had several chats with him and had come to respect him. His father was a businessman like Grandfather Lee which gave them something in common. And Mahmud knew that Grandfather Lee was becoming more accepting of Malays, and he felt his father could talk with him. He looked forward to this occurring.

This is a mural depicting the achievements of Malaysia which was prepared in 1967 for the tenth anniversary of Malaysian independence.



People
in
Papua
New
Guinea



Away from Home



As Bipo settled down into one of the seats of the old plane, he glanced around at some of the other passengers. All of them, like himself, were bound for Mt. Hagen, the largest town in the Western Highlands district of Papua New Guinea.

Across the aisle from Bipo sat an Australian family. Bipo wondered whether they lived in Mt. Hagen or whether they were just tourists. There were many Australians in Papua New Guinea because Australia administered the country before it became self-governing.

Next to Bipo, reading the daily paper, was a young New Guinean. When Bipo heard him speaking to the stewardess in English, he guessed the young man was probably a university student or a teacher.

Behind Bipo sat another New Guinean. He was talking rapidly to the man next to him in a language Bipo could not understand. Bipo did not know his name, but he had recognized his face while they were waiting in the airport terminal to board the plane. He was a member of the House of Assembly in Port Moresby. The last time Bipo had seen him was three years ago in his home village, KOMPIAI.

He had come to give a speech to the villagers and to encourage them to vote for him. Some other candidates had also come to the village during the election campaign, and everyone had gathered to listen.

An Election in the Village

On election day nearly everyone had voted for the same man. He was a "big man" in the Western Highlands, the district in which Kompiai is located. In the days before the Australians came to Papua New Guinea, he had been one of the bravest warriors. Then the Australians outlawed the fighting that used to take place between tribes.

This big man owned many pigs and gardens and had three wives and many children. Whenever he spoke at big feasts, everyone listened to him. If he asked men to help him plant his coffee trees, there were always plenty of willing volunteers. All the tribesmen in the Western Highlands agreed that he was one of the greatest leaders in the area.

Bipo thought of the promises this big man had made during the election campaign. "If I am elected," he had said at a large village meeting, "I will ask the government to build more airstrips, roads, schools, and hospitals in our district. I will also ask for more agricultural officers to be sent here. They will tell us the best ways to grow coffee and other crops that we can sell."

On election day the district patrol officer had come to Kompiai. He was a young Australian government officer who was in charge of this area of the Western Highlands. He made sure that the people carried out government orders and did not disobey the law.

He had brought with him large pictures of the candidates because most villagers in Kompiai could not read or write. Each villager was asked to point to the candidate he wanted elected.

The villagers' favorite candidate had won easily and went to live in Port Moresby while the House of Assembly was in session.

A jeep road in the highlands of Papua New Guinea runs along the side of a hill. Most of the roads in the highlands can be traveled only by four-wheel drive vehicles or tractors.



Problems of a New Nation

While he had been living in Port Moresby, Bipo had visited the House of Assembly with Reverend Peter Dugan. Reverend Dugan was a friend of the missionary at Koinambe, a village near Bipo's home village. Bipo remembered sitting in the visitors' section of the House of Assembly and listening to the elected members of the House from all over Papua New Guinea.

He was impressed with the fact that there were only a couple of white men in the House. All of his life Bipo had seen white men making decisions and giving orders. But here, it was clear to him that the power to make improvements in the country belonged to his countrymen.

While Bipo sat in the House of Assembly the day of his visit, a member from the Southern Highlands rose to speak. "I think," he said, "that the biggest problem facing the government today is keeping peace among the 700 tribes of Papua New Guinea. There are reports that fights over land, women, and pigs are starting again. We must find ways to convince Papuans and New Guineans that it is necessary for them to work together for the development of our country!"

Before the country became self-governing, it was divided into two territories—Papua and New Guinea.

As he sat down, the member from Bipo's own district in the Western Highlands rose to speak. Since he had never been to school to learn English, he spoke in Pidgin. Pidgin is the language that developed when the first white men came to Papua New Guinea about a century ago. There are about 700 different languages spoken in Papua New Guinea. The only way people from different tribes were able to communicate with each other, and with the white plantation owners for whom many of them worked, was in Pidgin. It is a language composed of mostly English words with some German and New Guinean. Its grammar is very simple and easy to learn.

Warring has always been part of the way of life of highlanders. They have viewed it as a way to achieve adulthood and as a form of self-expression. Here Western Highland warriors pose before battle. After the battle the men will thank the spirits of their ancestors for the help they gave during battle and sacrifice pigs to them.



Missionaries came to Papua New Guinea mostly from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the United States. They built missions such as this one and established schools. The missionaries are partly responsible for helping to stop the warring among tribes and to end cannibalism.



While the member from Bipo's district was addressing the House in Pidgin, members from other districts could listen through earphones to translations of what he was saying. Speeches were translated into English and Police Motu, a language spoken around Port Moresby.

"We need help and money," he began, "to develop our area. The first missionaries and government officers settled in our district in the 1950s—much later than in many other places. Therefore, we are further behind these other areas. We are asking for a hospital and more nurses to give medical care and teach our people how to prevent sickness. The aid station is not sufficient for proper medical care. There is still too much illness in the villages.

"We are also far behind other areas of Papua New Guinea in starting businesses such as coffee-growing. We need more roads between the villages so that we can transport the coffee. These harvests have to be trucked to Mt. Hagen to be sold.

And we want opportunities for our young men to earn money as coffee planters. Then they would not leave the villages and go to plantations on the coast to work. Our young men should be back at home finding wives, starting families, and making vegetable and coffee gardens of their own."

Port Moresby has a deep, sheltered harbor which has made the town an important commercial center. Goods are being unloaded at the docks



The Decision to Go Home

Bipo sat back in the plane and remembered the speech he had heard. He had been away from Kompiai for three years. For the first two, he had worked on a coconut plantation near Rabaul on the island of New Britain. After that he had spent one year driving a truck and hauling cargo on the docks in Port Moresby.

While he was in Port Moresby the missionary at Koinambe had written to tell him that his family was worried about him. Reverend Dugan had read the letter to Bipo that said his family was afraid he would stay in Port Moresby and never come home. They were begging him to come back. To them he would never be a real man until he married, had children, and started food gardens of his own in Kompiai.

For a long time Bipo thought about the letter his family had sent. But it was not until he had heard the speech by the member from his district that he finally decided to go home. He took out of the bank the \$300 that he had saved, bought clothes and other gifts for his family and friends, and purchased an airticket to Mt. Hagen. Reverend Dugan drove him to the airport. The minister shook Bipo's hand and wished him good luck.

Starting Home

The plane started to shake and roar. Bipo stopped daydreaming and pulled his seat belt tighter. He looked out at the propellers as they started to turn faster and faster until they were just a blur. The plane made its way down the runway. Then gaining speed, it rose high into the skies above Port Moresby.

Bipo gazed down at the mass of houses which made up the 10 miles of suburbs between the airport and the main town of Port Moresby. In a few minutes the capital was out of sight.

For a while they flew over flat, coastal lands and rolling hills dotted with clusters of grass-roofed huts. Soon these gave way to deserted, rugged mountains and deep cliffs. After about a half hour they were over the forest-covered mountain ranges of central New Guinea. Bipo saw villages scattered along mountain ridges and deep in isolated valleys. The village gardens stood out as bare spots in the dense jungle.

Bipo thought of his own village and the days of hard work it took to clear a small area of the jungle for a garden. Every family needed one or more gardens in which to grow sweet potato, taro, yams, and other foods they ate every day.

Bipo in Port Moresby

The young man sitting next to Bipo put down his paper, smiled at Bipo, and asked him, "Ples bilong i wonem?" in Pidgin. He was asking Bipo where he came from. Bipo was pleased that the young man had spoken to him and answered that he came from Kompiai in the Western Highlands.

"I'm from Bougainville Island. My name's Samuel," said the young man, still in Pidgin, for he guessed Bipo could not understand English very well. "I'm a medical student, and I'm on vacation. I'm going to spend three months working at the hospital in Mt. Hagen. What have you been doing in Port Moresby?"

"I've been a dock worker at the harbor for a year. But before that, I was a plantation laborer near Rabaul for two years," said Bipo. "Now I'm on my way home."

"If you had a steady job in Port Moresby, why are you leaving?" asked Samuel.

"Well," said Bipo, "at first, I really enjoyed living there. I liked going to the movies. And I liked having some cash to buy things. I could afford to buy white shirts and shorts at the large department stores and dress like the Papuans and New Guineans who work in the government offices. I even opened a bank account with the help of Peter Dugan, a minister who is a friend of mine. I managed to save \$300 while I was there.

"But I was lonely in Port Moresby. I lived in a tiny one-room house behind a large European home. I lived there with three other men from villages near Kompiai. Two of them were construction workers. The other one was a servant for the Australian family who lived in the large house. He

At the native market at Port Moresby, people can come to buy and sell and trade for goods.



offered me a place to live. But it was crowded and uncomfortable.

"I began to think how my age mates, the boys I grew up with, were probably already married and starting families. I was lonely. During the weekends when I was not working, I was even lonelier. I used to just walk around on Saturdays and Sundays looking at the large, expensive European houses in Boroko and the houses of government workers in Hohola.

"Finally, my family asked the missionary at Koinambe to write and ask me to come home. And then I heard the member from my area in the House of Assembly speak. He said it was bad for villages like Kompiai when the young men leave. I decided it was time to return to my family and friends."

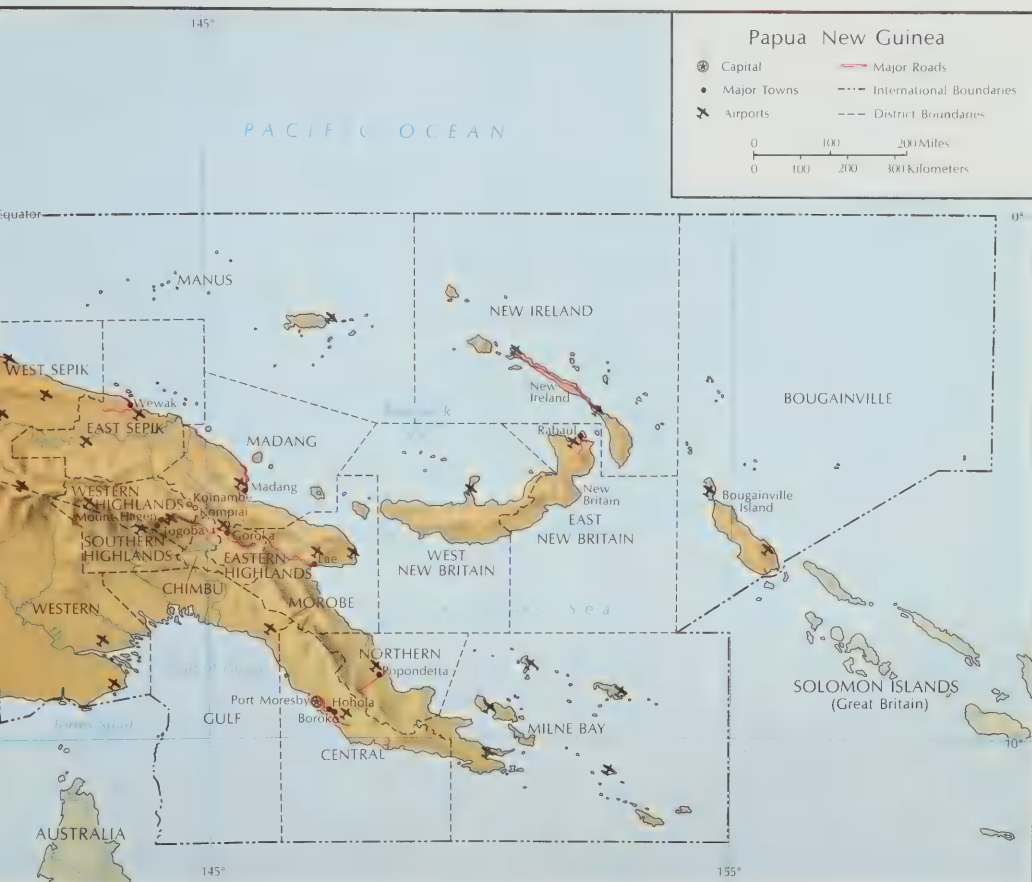
Hopes for the Future

Samuel had listened carefully to Bipo and wanted to know more. "What will you do when you get home?" he asked.

"As I said," replied Bipo, "I have \$300 saved. First of all, I plan to find a wife to look after my pigs and help me plant gardens. I am sure my relatives or one of the big men in the village will lend me enough pigs and feather and shell valuables for the bride-price. Perhaps the bride's family will accept cash, and I will not have to borrow from other villagers. As soon as I am settled, I will use the rest of my savings to buy coffee saplings and start a coffee grove of my own.

"My dream is to become a big man. I know that without an education, I cannot become an important person in the city. If I'm to make something of myself, it will be back home," Bipo concluded.

"My parents would probably like me home, too," Samuel said. "But, you see, I was very lucky to receive an education from the Catholic fathers at the mission near my village. And now I'm studying hard to become a doctor. When I go home, it is very hard to explain to my parents how I feel about the things I want to do. I have had a lot of educa-



Papua New Guinea is a union of the old territories of Papua and New Guinea, occupying the eastern side of the island of New Guinea. The western side belongs to Indonesia and is called West Irian. Formerly administered by Australia, Papua New Guinea became self-governing in 1973, and is expected to become fully independent in a couple of years. Australia directs only foreign affairs, defense, and internal security.

tion, but they have not. I still love and respect them, but our lives are different now.

"When I told them I wanted to marry a Papuan girl who is a nurse in Port Moresby, they were very upset. They had already chosen a girl from my home village for me to marry. Finally, I convinced them that I need to marry someone of my own choosing and with whom I have similar interests. They can't understand my feelings, but they have agreed to let me do what I want.

"But I cannot marry this girl until I am earning money. Her family is demanding \$2,000 in bride-

price. Perhaps it would have been simpler if I had just stayed on Bougainville."

Bipo's and Samuel's conversation was interrupted by the crackling of the speakers overhead. The pilot was saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, please fasten your seat belts. We will be landing in Mt. Hagen in 10 minutes."

The stewardess who was a New Guinean woman repeated the message in Pidgin.

They were now flying over a broad, green valley surrounded by towering mountains. On the valley floor were groups of huts.

When the plane began to descend, Samuel tapped Bipo on the shoulder. "Look out ahead of us," he said. "There's Mt. Hagen. I think I can see the airstrip and golf course."

When the plane touched down, Samuel asked Bipo, "Do you need a place to stay before you leave for Koinambe?"

Mt. Hagen is less than 40 years old, with a population of about 10,000. It is located on one of the better roads in the highlands which makes access to the town easier than to other areas.



Bipo thanked Samuel but replied that he did not. "I hope I can catch a small plane out of Mt. Hagen this afternoon. I have a letter from Reverend Dugan asking the Missionary Aviation Fellowship pilot to take me to Koinambe on one of his flights."

"Well, then, good-bye and good luck," said Samuel.

From Mt. Hagen to Koinambe

At the Missionary Aviation Fellowship hangar, the mission pilot was busy loading the small one-engine plane. He stored some crates of food and medical supplies in the tail section. Then he tied two sleepy calves firmly behind his seat.

The pilot saw Bipo coming towards him and said in Pidgin, "Yu laik wonem samting?" What do you want, he was asking.

"I want to go to Koinambe," replied Bipo handing the pilot the letter from Reverend Dugan. "Fine," said the pilot. "That's one of my stops today. You can ride in the front seat next to me."

The pilot noticed Bipo staring at the calves struggling in the small plane. "Don't worry about them," said the pilot. "I gave them some medicine this morning to make them sleepy so they won't make too much of a fuss. I am taking them to the mission station at Koinambe so that a herd can be started for fresh milk and meat.

"Last week I took six crates of chickens and a goat to another station. They made so much noise I could hardly hear the control tower. But until roads are built into all of the remote areas of the highlands, this is the only way of transporting many of the things the missionaries need."

When everything was on board, Bipo and the pilot climbed into the plane. They were soon high over Mt. Hagen. The noise of the engine made it hard to talk without shouting so Bipo just looked at the villages and gardens below. They flew north out of the Wahgi Valley and over a high mountain range toward Koinambe. After about a half hour the pilot pointed to a brown airstrip ahead. The

The Missionary Aviation Fellowship has a base in Mt. Hagen. The pilots fly out of Mt. Hagen acting as postmen, delivery men, and carriers of news. Papua New Guinea has 400 airstrips. The one below is considered a good one compared to others pilots must use. Flying in the mountainous interior of Papua New Guinea is also dangerous because air currents shift suddenly and clouds circle the rugged mountain peaks.

plane began to descend. As they were coming in for landing, the pilot shouted to Bipo, "This is one of the shortest and bumpiest airstrips in the highlands. It was cleared by hand when the missionaries first came here. It's on one of the few gentle slopes in the area. Even though I've flown in here many times, I still find this a difficult strip to land on." Bipo knew that the pilot was experienced, but he still held his breath until they were safely on the ground. Without plane transportation, the trip home from Port Moresby would have taken many weeks instead of several hours.

Villagers from Koinambe rushed to greet the plane to see what it had brought. Bipo thanked the pilot, pulled out his bag, and set off on the path home.



A Return to the Past



As he walked, Bipo began to think of the first time he had left his village.

His first trip away from Kompiai had been seven years ago when he was 15. He and his father, with two other men, had gone across the mountains to the west of Kompiai to trade with the Rama people. They took steel axes and knives which they had gotten at the mission store in Koinambe. They wanted to exchange them for the feathers from the bird of paradise.

The traders from Kompiai took a path over the mountains that had been used before for trading expeditions. It was safer for traders to cross the mountains than to pass along the valleys through the territory of villagers they did not know.

But while they were at the village of the Rama people, it was attacked at night without warning by men from another village. They wanted the steel axes and knives the traders from Kompiai had brought with them. Eight of the Rama people and Bipo's father were killed, and many others were wounded.

Bipo had escaped unhurt and fled to Koinambe. A patrol officer was stationed there with a troop of



Feathers from the beautiful bird of paradise are a prized possession of people in the highlands. There are about 80 species of the bird, and hunting and killing them has been outlawed.

New Guinean policemen. As soon as Bipo told the patrol officer about the attack, he instructed Corporal Asemo to form a patrol.

On a Patrol

Corporal Asemo called for men to work as carriers for the expedition. Bipo volunteered. He said he was 18 and was accepted as part of the expedition. He would not have been allowed to go if Corporal Asemo had known that his father had been among the eight men killed. The patrol was to capture and punish the offenders, not start a war of revenge.

In earlier times before warring had been outlawed, the Rama would have gathered allies, found their enemies, and fought a series of battles until their injuries were avenged. The conquering tribe would then have eaten parts of the bodies of their dead victims. Tribesmen believed that by doing this the victim's bravery would pass into them. The patrol officers were expected to prevent such things from happening and to arrest murderers.

When the men were assembled for the expedition, the patrol officer and Corporal Asemo set off into the hills with 20 of the policemen and a line of carriers.

Corporal Asemo was at the head of the line. As he walked, he searched for razor-sharp splinters that the attackers might have hidden under fallen leaves. He also looked for vines stretched across the path, ready to release an arrow into the stomach of an unsuspecting traveler.

Suddenly Corporal Asemo stopped the line. He stared at a pointed stake driven into the ground. It was carved and decorated with feathers. It was a warning not to come any farther. To Sergeant Mikio, one of the New Guinean policemen, and the rest of the patrol, it meant that the ghosts of enemy ancestors were present. Bipo shivered and looked back, wishing he had not volunteered to come.

The patrol officer came to the head of the line, pulled out the stake, and went on. The carriers looked at each other, finding it hard to ignore the

sign as the patrol officer had. He was an Australian, and the sign was nothing to him but a warning. But the tribesmen believed that the sign meant they might be attacked by the spirits of the dead and made very ill. However, at a command from the patrol officer, the line started up again.

They all walked as silently as they could. By the end of the day, they reached the village of the attackers. It was protected by a stockade as villages used to be when warring was common. The patrol officer whispered to the men to sit quietly out of sight until dark.

When the sun set and the village seemed to be quiet, the police crept forward leaving the carriers hidden in the bushes. Bipo and the others could not see what was happening in the darkness, but they heard shouts and screams. The police crept through a small opening in the high wooden walls around the village. They were inside the stockade before they were heard. The surprise was complete. Some spears were hurled, but most men did not fight.

The patrol stayed an hour. A quick search showed property stolen from the Rama and from the three traders from KOMPIAI. Six of the leaders of the village were arrested. They would be flown to Port Moresby for trial. The others were given a stern warning not to repeat their attack, and the patrol set out for Koinambe.

To an Agricultural Show

On the way back everyone was much more talkative. At night they sat around a campfire and told stories. One night Sergeant Mikio told the carriers about the agricultural shows that were held each year either at Mt. Hagen or Goroka.

"Is there any way I could go?" Bipo asked. He had heard about Mt. Hagen from the missionary at Koinambe and had always wanted to go there.

"I'll be leaving in three weeks," Sergeant Mikio said. "If any people from your village would like to go, they can come with me. The walk will take five



The days were hot for Bipo and the men on patrol. After a rest the tribesmen continued their rapid walking on steep jungle paths.

days. But you must get Siba's approval." Siba was Bipo's uncle and a big man in Koinpiai.

That night Bipo lay awake thinking about the trip. The next day the patrol reached Koinambe. After the carriers were paid, Bipo rushed home to talk to Siba. He told Siba about the show at Mt. Hagen and persuaded him to let him go. Nihli and Polos, his age mates, were to go with him.

The three months went slowly for Bipo, but finally the day came. On the morning of the day they left, nearly 100 people from nearby villages gathered at the patrol post.

Sergeant Mikio and the three policemen who were to go with them picked up their rifles and started walking. The others followed, and a long line of people wound silently down the mountain.

On the trip they ate wild bananas and yams that they found. At night they curled up on thick beds of leaves under trees. Toward evening on the fifth day of their journey, the policeman at the head of the line gave a shout. Bipo looked up. In the dis-

tance were the rooftops of the biggest village he had ever seen. There seemed to be hundreds of houses.

"That," said Sergeant Mikio, "is Mt. Hagen. But we are still a four-hour walk away. We will camp here for the night and leave early tomorrow morning."

They left as soon as the sun rose the next day, climbing down a steep hillside to the valley below. They followed jeep tracks for a while and then walked along a road which led into Mt. Hagen. These last few miles were easy walking.

At Mt. Hagen

As they came closer to the town, Bipo, Nihli, and Polos stared in amazement. They had never before seen a place as big as this. There were single buildings as large as their village. And everywhere they looked, there were masses of people.

Tribesmen at the Mt. Hagen show display their finery. Highlanders often wear bird feathers, and shell ornaments. Formerly their faces were decorated with paints made from natural pigments, but paint from the local trade store is being used more and more. Spears are part of the ceremonial dress and are often carried by highlanders. The huts in the background help house the thousands who come to the annual show



At the agricultural show at Mt. Hagen, tribesmen beat on long cylindrical drums. They are hollowed out with hot rocks. Steel tools are used by tribesmen to shape the outsides.



Over 60,000 tribesmen had come to Mt. Hagen for the two-day show. Bipo could tell the tribes apart by the differences in their dress and decorations. He thought the most magnificent men were the tall tribesmen from Togoba, about 20 miles away from Mt. Hagen. They were covered from head to foot in pig grease. Their faces were painted in the blues, reds, yellows, browns, and greens of trade-store paint. Around their necks they wore shining disks of shell. Some had pig tusks through their noses. Others were wearing enormous painted wigs made of mud and human hair which almost covered their faces. One or two wore dark glasses.

Most of the men were carrying hand-carved drums and were drumming and chanting loudly. Once several men broke away from their tribesmen and, holding spears above their heads and shouting, charged toward a group of Japanese and Australian tourists. Bipo and his friends laughed as the tourists became terrified and scattered in all directions. They did not know that this was only a mock charge. It was for show, not to harm anyone.

"Come on," said Sergeant Mikio. "Let me show you around."

People crowd in to see an exhibit at the Mt. Hagen show. Other exhibits are set up in a row—many in booths specially built to display the crafts and produce of the people in each part of the highlands. Strange flowers and feathers of unusual birds can be seen.



The Need for Cash

There were stores all along the main street and stalls where food could be bought. Bipo walked into one of the shops to look around and noticed a piece of brightly-colored cloth that he decided to get for his mother. He set it before the New Guinean clerk with some tobacco. He told the clerk in Pidgin that he would like to trade.

"If you want the cloth, you will have to pay for it," said the clerk.

"But I have no money," replied Bipo. "Take this tobacco. It's very good quality."

The clerk frowned and turned to go to the back of the store. He returned with the store owner, a Chinese man. He explained to the owner that Bipo would like to trade.

The owner responded in Pidgin. "I sell items only for cash in this store. I'm sorry, but I cannot make any exceptions. Most of the shops in Mt. Hagen do business the same way."

Bipo was disappointed. This was not the way business was done at the trade store back in Koinambe. He left the shop to rejoin Nihli and Polos.

Before World War I, German settlers claimed parts of New Guinea. They created the town of Rabaul on the island of New Britain by draining swamps and erecting buildings. The settlers also established large coconut plantations.



Sergeant Mikio was explaining to them why the government held this enormous show every year.

"All of the tribesmen who can get here are encouraged to come," he was saying. "The government hopes that while the tribesmen are here they will learn about new crops such as coffee, tea, and European vegetables. These can be grown and sold for cash. Some of the people who live near Mt. Hagen have been selling crops for years, and they have saved enough money to buy jeeps and trucks. Some have used their savings to open stores. Even people who have only a very small income from the food they sell at the Mt. Hagen market can buy things they need or would like to have."

The sergeant paused. He saw that the boys were listening closely, and he continued.

"The government also wants to be able to collect taxes from people to help pay for nurses, doctors, and teachers to go to the villages. They need money to build the schools, hospitals, and roads the people are asking for. For many years the Australian government paid for these things. If Papua New Guinea is going to be a strong, independent country, it will need income from agriculture, mining, and small industries."

As the boys walked around, they noticed some pictures of coconut plantations in New Britain pasted on a large board outside a tent. A man standing nearby saw that they were interested and asked, "Would you like to go there to work?" He was a labor recruiter.

"The owners of the plantations in New Britain are looking for men to work for them. If you would like to go, I will arrange it for you. You would be flown there, and in two years you would be brought back.

"If you do go, you must be prepared to work hard. You will be paid some of your salary, but the rest will be kept and given to you when you leave at the end of your contract."

Bipo, Nihli, and Polos volunteered at once. But Sergeant Mikio shook his head. "You will have to ask Siba first," he said. "I could not let you go

Rabaul has become the chief port from which to ship copra from the coconut plantations. On this plantation in Rabaul coconuts are being cut for drying. The dried coconut meat is called copra from which coconut oil is extracted. Copra is also used in soaps. Papua New Guinea's major buyers of copra are Australia, Japan, and Great Britain.



without his approval. You can ask him when you return to Kompiai. The patrol officer will arrange everything if Siba says yes."

During the two days at Mt. Hagen, Bipo and his friends wandered through the crowds. They watched dancing, looked at agricultural displays, and laughed at the bike-racing competitions.

At night they slept in huge grass huts with the other members of their group. On the third day they left, walking back into the hills in a long, tired line.

Back in Kompiai the boys asked Siba if they could go to New Britain. But Siba said no. It was time for new crops to be planted and the boys had to help with the planting. He told them that if they still wanted to go to New Britain after the next year's yam crop was harvested, he would give his approval.

At the Plantation

The harvest was done. The boys were still as eager to go as they had been when they returned from Mt. Hagen. Siba gave his permission. After saying good-bye to their families, friends, and age mates, the boys walked back to Mt. Hagen. There they went to the office of a district official who was a friend of the patrol officer in Koinambe. He made all the necessary arrangements and took them to the airport to board the plane for New Britain.

On the plantation near Rabaul in New Britain, the boys soon fell into the routine of plantation life. At daylight, the wail of a siren woke the workers in their huts. An hour later, after breakfast, the siren sounded again. The men gathered near the hut of the foreman to hear what work was to be done that day.

There were 20 workers on the plantation. They worked in small groups chopping ripe coconuts off the trees and gathering those that had fallen. There were also some cocoa trees on the plantations, and they took turns digging around them and pruning the branches.

At noon the siren sounded again, signaling lunch. An hour later they were at work again. They finished at about five o'clock, just before dinner.

In the evenings they stayed in their huts, talking, playing cards, and carving wooden ornaments to sell to tourists in Rabaul on the weekends.

For the first time in his life Bipo wore shorts. On visits to the town of Rabaul on Sundays and holidays, he also wore a shirt and shoes.

The boys were given part of their salaries each week. The rest would be given to them at the end of their two-year contract. The allowance they received was enough to buy a few clothes and to go to movie theaters on weekends.

Periodically, a government official came to the plantation to inspect the workers' living conditions. The plantation owner was expected to provide good food and health care for sick laborers. Beside checking the food, the agent examined the quarters of the laborers to make sure they were clean.

When the two years were up, Nihli and Polos went back to Kompiai. But Bipo obtained special permission to go to Port Moresby from the government officer in Rabaul. He was responsible for the welfare of the plantation workers. In Port Moresby, Bipo hoped to find a job.

People and merchandise crowd the market area at Rabaul. A highlight of activities on New Britain, the market, is open every Wednesday and Saturday.



At Kompiai



Bipo came out of his daydreams and was again on the path home. On a distant ridge was Kompiai.

He was now entering the territory of his people. High on the slopes above the path, he saw women from the village digging sweet potatoes with sharpened digging sticks. They were loading them into large net bags. They would swing these bags over their heads and carry them back to the village. There they would cook some for dinner and store the rest for the meals of the next few days.

Some men were clearing land for new gardens. They cut down most of the trees and heaped up piles of undergrowth for the women to burn. Other men built fences or placed logs as markers in order to separate their gardens from others. Fences were needed around the gardens to keep out the pigs that roamed the village. If the pigs managed to break into a garden, they could ruin it by digging up all of the food plants.

Bipo saw one man in a newly cleared garden digging holes with a long pointed stick and planting bananas. His wife was using a smaller digging stick to plant taro, sweet potatoes, beans, and other plants that could be eaten.

As he came closer to the village, Bipo passed old, disused gardens that were slowly becoming choked by the jungle. After two years gardens were usually abandoned because weeds took them over and because the soil was no longer rich. In about 15 or 20 years they would be cleared, burned, and planted again. It would take 20 years for the soil to become fertile again.

Bipo saw one of the men from his uncle's house with his head lowered, talking softly over the land that he had just cleared. He was asking the spirit of the earth to bring him a good crop. All of the people of Kompiai used special chants to gain the help of the spirits of their ancestors and the spirits

In the picture on the left, pigs are kept out of a garden by means of a fence. In the picture on the right, a woman is putting yams into a net bag to take home from her garden.



In the picture on the left, a highlander is cutting away growth for a hillside garden. After this he will burn the growth he has cut away. Then the land will be cleared for planting. The dense jungle can be seen in the background. In the picture on the right, a man is setting stakes in the ground in order to build a fence around his garden.

of the land and trees and animals where they lived. They also asked the spirits to fight off any sorcery that might have been cast on them by their enemies. Sorcery has been practiced by all tribes in Papua New Guinea. It is an attempt to harm enemies with the assistance of evil spirits. Sorcery was now against the law in Papua New Guinea. Any man convicted of performing sorcery could be sent to jail. However, many men secretly used it.

Bipo approached the area where the villagers' houses were. There were 130 people living in Kompi ai. At one time villages were larger in order to provide protection. But since warring had been outlawed, this was no longer necessary.



There are no herds of animals to provide meat for the people of the Western Highlands. They eat mainly yams and taro. Sometimes they eat birds which they hunt with bow and arrow.



The three houses in which the men lived looked just as they had when Bipo had left for New Britain. He had lived with Siba and his brothers and other male relatives in one of the men's houses. Clusters of smaller huts in which the women, children, and unmarried girls lived surrounded the men's larger houses. Siba's two wives, their children, and pigs lived in two of these huts. Bipo's mother and his sisters and younger brothers lived in another.

While Bipo was looking around, one of his cousins saw him and called out. Instantly, Bipo was the center of attention. People crowded around, welcoming him and asking questions. The commotion brought people from the nearby gardens. Soon half the village had gathered. Bipo's family was overjoyed to see him. His age mates hugged him. Everyone was smiling, touching him, and talking at once.

Siba finally quieted the crowd and announced, "To celebrate Bipo's return, I will kill two of my pigs, and we will have a feast." Two of Siba's brothers agreed to do the same. Before long, the smell of roasting pork drifted over Kompiai. The package of gifts Bipo carried was opened, and its contents were distributed.

Changes in Kompiai

While the tribespeople were eating and talking, a man who was a stranger to Bipo walked into the village. He stopped to talk to some of the older men, and then walked up to Bipo to shake his hand and welcome him back. The man was from New Britain. Bipo did not know why he was in Kompiai. Siba explained that he was the new patrol officer. The other patrol officer had gone home to Australia while Bipo was away. Many of the government officials in the Highlands were now Papuans and New Guineans.

The patrol officer explained that he had come to the village to talk with Siba. He regularly visited as many villages as he could to make sure the roads were being kept in good repair and that no one had broken the law.



The framework of a house in the highlands is usually of saplings or strong bamboo poles. If timber is available, the walls are made of rough planks. The roof is made from grass that is thatched. In this picture smoke rises through the roof's thatching out of one of the men's houses. There are no windows, and the doorway is so small that people have to crawl through it. Highlanders build no other openings in houses because of the cool nights. They believe this also prevents any evil spirits from entering.

Since Bipo had just arrived, Siba invited him to join them in their talk. They entered the smoke-filled hut and sat on a mat that had been placed on the earthen floor.

Siba offered the patrol officer some breadfruit. The patrol officer brought up an old subject. "Siba," he said, "we have talked often about this. I think you should try to persuade others in the village to kill some of their pigs for food." The patrol officer knew that the Department of Public Health was concerned about the diet of the villagers because it lacked meat.

Siba became impatient with the patrol officer. "You know we kill and eat our pigs only for special occasions. We do not consider them a source of daily food. They are a man's wealth. You know our traditions, and yet you keep trying to get us to change them." The patrol officer sighed and dropped the subject. He knew it was nearly impossible to budge Siba when his mind was made up.



Natives are recruited to build roads in the highlands.

He decided to change the subject. "Siba, we have to talk about the new road which is planned from Koinambe to KOMPIAI and villages beyond here. I will need many men to work on its construction. In order to get the job done, some of them will have to come from your village."

"But," Siba protested, "every time men leave to work on projects of this sort, the gardens suffer, and life in the village is interrupted."

"There is no other way to get these roads built. Think what this will mean to the village. When your new coffee trees are ready to harvest, you will be able to send the coffee beans to the airstrip by truck. And you will be closer to Koinambe. Imagine the difference that will make when someone is sick and needs to go to the medical aid post for treatment."

Now it was Siba's turn to sigh. "Some of the things you say make sense. It will certainly be easier



Education in Papua New Guinea was for a long time largely in the hands of missionaries. In this mission school children are being taught reading and elementary arithmetic by a native teacher. Some mission schools provide a high school education. Trade schools and professional schools are also being built.

for our children to go to primary school at the mission if they can be picked up by truck. And it is nearly impossible to carry big loads along the path to Koinambe since it is so steep in many places. I cannot imagine any other way of getting the coffee out except by road. But so many things are changing in such a short time. We did not need money, aid posts, mission schools, or roads before the white men came," ended Siba.

"But think of the advantages these things will bring the villagers," said the patrol officer. "You will be glad to have the road when it is completed."

"Well, I'm an old man. The young people are pleased with these changes, and I suppose I will just have to get used to them," Siba said. "I guess Bipo here has plans to plant coffee himself now that he has returned."

Bipo smiled but said nothing. His uncle was right.

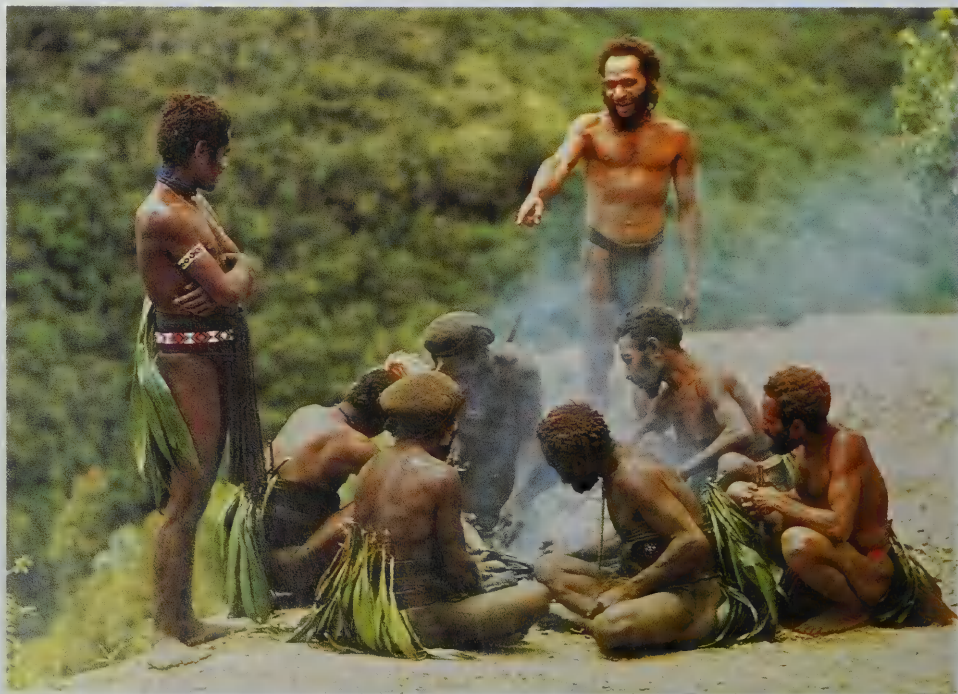
Need for a Wife

Siba and the patrol officer finished their conversation. There was other important business to attend to. They left the house and joined several other men on the dance ground, a large area where dances and feasts were usually held. The men gathered on the dance ground to discuss what would happen to a man who had stolen another man's pig.

Siba knew that since he was a big man in the village, the patrol officer would expect him to report the theft. And he had done so. But often the villagers decided on the fate of the offender themselves as they had done for years. Because the crime was not serious, the patrol officer was willing to let them decide the punishment.

The men talked together for a while but became silent when Siba or another big man began to speak.

Men in the village meet to discuss problems they may have, such as disputes over land and debts. But the big man has the final say in any matter.



The thief stood away from the crowd and waited. He had told the villagers that he did not want to hurt the owner of the pig. But he was not a rich man. He needed the pig to help pay for a bride from a neighboring village.

He said, "What am I without a wife? I am a rubbish man. I have no one to grow food for me or take care of my ornaments. I might as well kill myself!"

After talking it over and listening to Siba, the men decided that the thief would be confined to the village for one month and not be allowed to go hunting. The pig was returned to its owner.

The people were satisfied. The patrol officer, seeing that the problem had been dealt with, said good-bye. He set out with his assistant for the next village on his patrol.

This is a village in the Western Highlands. The long house in the background is where the men live. The people on top of the house are preparing to repair the roof. The thatching must be rebuilt every three to five years.



Bipo's Plans

Everyone moved back around the fires where the pigs had been cooking and started talking again. Bipo was asked so many questions that he became dizzy from them. Finally, Siba stood up. Immediately the voices died down.

"Perhaps we should give Bipo a chance to tell us what he plans to do now that he is home. We can ask him about his experiences another time. I want to know if he plans to stay and settle at Kompiai or go wandering around the country again."

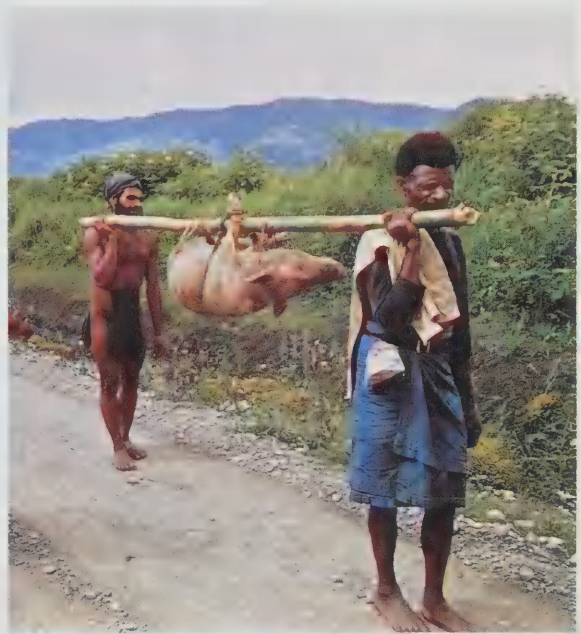
Siba sat down, and everyone looked at Bipo. Slowly he stood up. When he left he was a boy of 19, but now he was 22. Siba was expecting him to stand and speak like a man. He took a deep breath.

"I know three years is a long time to be away," he said, "but I want to stay in Kompiai now. I have saved enough money to pay only part of a bride-price. I hope my relatives will be able to lend me pigs and shell and feather valuables so I can marry soon. I plan to help my brothers work their land this year if they agree. I hope that after the next



The villagers in Kompiai will help Bipo build a house when he marries. The axe has always been the chief tool of the highlanders. Since there is little metal in Papua New Guinea, villagers used to use axes of stone. Now they trade for axes of steel in the mission stores.

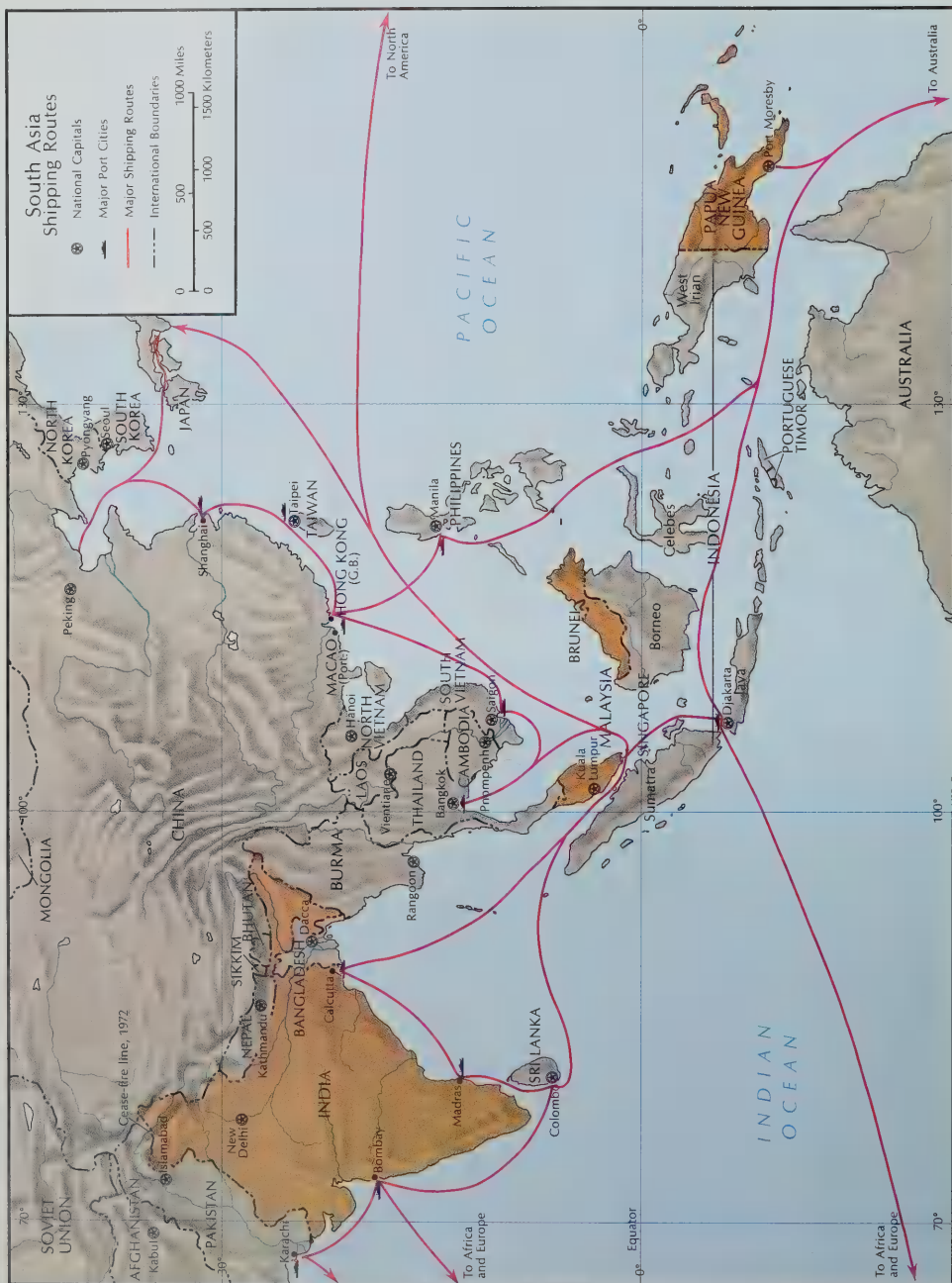
Pigs in highland villages are not a source of daily food and are killed only for special occasions. They are a symbol of a man's wealth and status. Pigs are so important that their owners often give them names. They also share their daily food supply with their pigs.

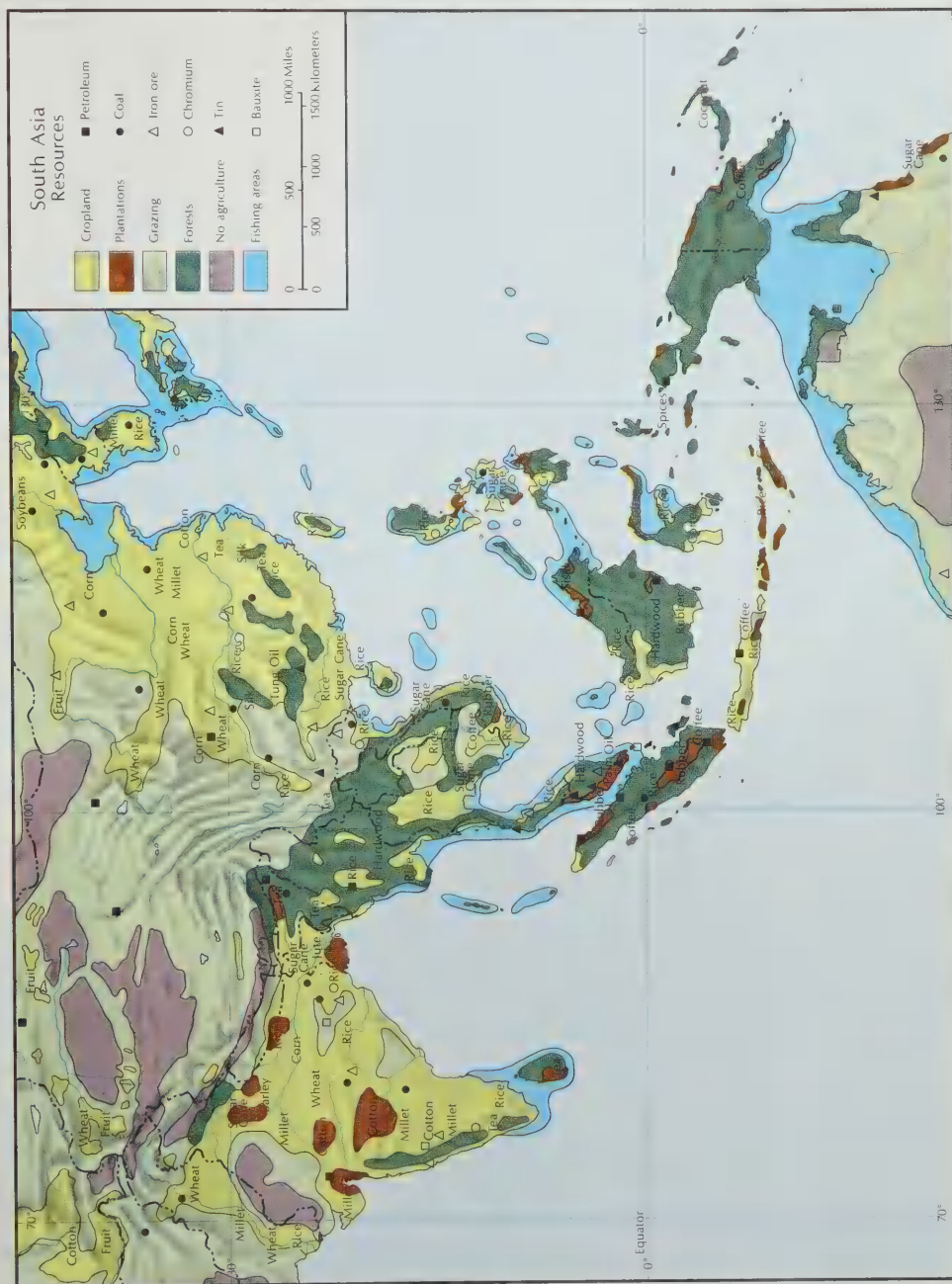


harvest, they will help me build a house for my wife and clear land so that my wife and I can start a garden.

"In a year or two when we are settled, I will use some of my money to buy coffee saplings from Mt. Hagen and start a grove of my own. But, of course, I will welcome any of my age mates or relatives who want to join me in my plan to start a small coffee business. Even though I have been away, I have not forgotten how important it is for fellow villagers to work together."

He stopped talking and looked around. He wondered what they thought of his speech. Siba was nodding in approval. His mother was smiling. His friends and brothers were whispering excitedly among themselves. They seemed pleased. It was clear to them that Bipo had changed a lot in three years. He had new ideas. His experiences had opened up a new world to him. But he had not forgotten how good it was to have friends and family to work, talk, and celebrate with. Bipo was home.





GLOSSARY

This glossary will help you pronounce unusual words, foreign words, and proper names. It may be used like any dictionary.

Use the following key to pronounce the words correctly. The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, between parentheses. The mark ´ is placed after a syllable with an accent, as in **ab bre vi ate** (ə brē´ vē āt). (From Thorndike Barnhart Beginning Dictionary by E. L. Thorndike and Clarence L. Barnhart. Copyright © 1968 by Scott, Foresman and Company.)

a hat, cap	e let, best	o hot, rock	u cup, butter	ə represents:
ā age, face	ē equal, be	ō open, go	ù full, put	a in about
ā care, air	èr term, learn	ô order, all	û rule, move	e in taken
ä father, far	i it, pin	oi oil, voice	ū use, music	i in April
	ī ice, five	ou house, out	zh measure, seizure	o in lemon
				u in circus

agraharam (ə grā´ häm)

Ah-choy (ä´ choi)

Allah (ä´ lä)

Aminah (ä mē´ nä)

Asemo (ä sā´ mō)

batik (bə tēk´)

Bipo (bē´ pō)

Bongsu Awang (bon´ sü
ä´ wäng)

Bougainville (bü´ gən vil)

Brahmin (brä´ mən)

Buddha (büd´ ə)

Chendering (chen´ ring)

cheri (chä´ rē)

Dassera (dä sā´ rä)

Esah (ä´ sä)

Fatimah (fä tē´ mä)

Gandhi, Mahatma (gän´ dē,
mä hat´ mä)

Gautama, Siddhartha (gout´ ə
mä, sid dār´ tə)

Goroka (gôr ô´ kä)

Hari Raya (hä´ rē rä´ yä)

Harijan (har´ ə jan)

Hindi (hin´ dē)

Hindu (hin´ dü)

imam (ē´ mām)

Iyer (ī´ ār)

jerusalem (jü rü sə´ läm)

Kajang (kä´ yäng)

Kali (kä´ lē)

Kamal (kä´ mäl)

Kampong Bahru (käm´ pong
bä´ rü)

Kiat-boi (kyät boi)

Klang (klang)

Koinambe (koi näm´ bā)

kolek (kô´ lek)

Kompiai (kôm´ pē ī)

Koran (kə ran´)

Krishna (krish´ nä)

Kuala Lumpur (kwä´ lä
lüm pür´)

Kuala Selangor (kwä´ lä

sə läng´ ôr)

Kuala Trengganu (kwä´ lä
treng gä´ nü)

Lakshmi (läksh´ mē)

Lee Chu-po (lē chü pō)

Madras (mad´ räs)

Mahmud (mat´ müd)

Malay (mä lä´)

Malaysia (mä lä´ zhä)

Ma´ Maz´ nah (mä mätz´ nä)

MARA (mä´ rä)

Marang (mä´ räng)

Mookan (mü´ kân)

Motu (mô´ tü)

Mt. Hagen (mount hä´ gən)

Muhammad (mô ham´ med)

Muslim (muz´ ləm)

Muttu (mü´ tü)

Nagu (nä´ gü)

Naicker (nä´ kër)

Nihli (nē´ lē)

Osman (oz´ mən)

Pa´ Isahak (pä ē´ sā häk)

panchayat (pən chi´ ət)

Papua New Guinea (pap´ ü ə
nü gin´ ē)

penghulu (pen ü´ lü)

Petaling Jaya (pe ta´ ling jä´ yä)

Pidgin (pij´ in)

Polos (pöl´ ôs)

Port Moresby (pôrt mörz´ bē)

Puasa (pü ä´ sä)

Rabaul (rä boul´)

Rama (rä´ mä)

RuMuda (rü mü´ dä)

rupee (rü pē´)

Saravasti (sə räs vu´ tē)

sari (sä´ rē)

Sasi (sä´ sē)

sepak raga (se´ pāk rä´ gä)

Siba (sē´ bā)

Singam, Bala (sin´ gəm, bä´ lä)

Sunderam (sün´ dër äm)

Tadagam (täd´ ə gäm)

Tamil Nadu (tam´ əl nä dü´)

Togoba (tô gô´ bā)

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Wahgi (wä´ gē)

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Date Due		
Puc	DUE Educ AUG 11 '78	RETURN SEP 28 '83
pui	RETURNED AUG 8 '78	DUE EDUC OCT 12 '83
Rat		RETURN OCT 11 '83
Rar	Date Due JAN 31 '79	
Rar	JAN 22	RETURN
rein		DUE EDUC FEB 1 '84
reliq		FEB 1 RETURN
	DUE EDUC FEB 9 '81	
	FEB 9	RETURN
		DUE EDUC FEB 28 '81
	DUE EDUC MAR 10 '80	DUE EDUC OCT 07 '85
rice	RETURN MAR 9 '81	OCT 16 RETURN
ricks	EDUC AUG 17 '84	
river	RETURN JUL 7 '81	DUE EDUC OCT 25 '85
rubb		
67		
RuM	DUE JUL 28 '82	OCT 31 RETURN
	RETURN JUL 16 '82	
	EDUC MAR 22 '83	DUE EDUC JAN 30 '86
	EDUC MAR 30 '83	JAN 30 RETURN
	EDUC APR 9 '83	DUE EDUC FEB 10 '86
	RETURN APR 9 '83	FEB 10 RETURN
	DUE EDUC SEP 29 '83	
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